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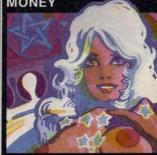
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## Welcome to the Second Year of HUSTLER.

What prompted HUSTLER to open up its sexy centerfold girls? Why does HUSTLER stir up controversy among liberals and conservatives alike with broadminded, "borderline" nude studies? How have we reached the point of offering the only real alternative to buyers of men's magazines? Our exclusive Anniversary "Interview" with Publisher and Editor Larry C. Flynt, will give you answers to these and more readers' questions.

Appropriately, we've featured Althea Leasure, our Assistant Publisher and Vice-President of Mini Clubs, in our First LIFE-SIZED Centerfold. Kind of validates our entire approach to publishing HUSTLER. But don't spend all your time there. "Adolescent Fantasy" is back, this time in the "Farmer's Daughter." Our first annual "HONEYS In Review" gives you thirteen beautiful women you don't want to forget. The celebration also includes Therese, "Grass Don't Grow on a Racetrack," and "Heavenly" Celeste.

The first time you got laid can mean a variety of things and often brings back mixed memories. For some people it was a little more difficult than others, and 'coming close' could have meant not coming at all. **NORMAN THADDEUS VANE,** Hollywood script-writer and film producer, gives us his impression of that foreboding first fuck in this month's humorous sex-fiction. To his credit, Vane was the first editor of *Penthouse* — while it was still in London — and claims to have fucked every one of the darling English "innocents" who appeared there that year. He is now working-to-completion a film version of "Ram," through his own company, Belgravia Productions.

As if there aren't enough economic problems plaguing the world today, there was one Hustler a couple of years ago (before Vesco made it free and clear to Costa Rica) who made the "big play" pay off. That was Bernie Cornfeld, the subject of this month's profile by **FRANK THISTLE** (December, 1974, "Burlesque Bounces Back.") Cornfeld's girls (who included his mother), games and rewards reaped him a neat \$30 million while his brainchild, Investors' Overseas Service, crumbled into ash along with a thousand dreams.

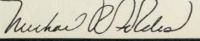
**SKIP FICKLING** makes his debut in HUSTLER with our New "Astrological Guide to Sex & Money." We think in these days of uncertainty it might be a good idea to play the stars, and star-gazer Fickling will be making it worth your while. "Porn Review" takes on a new dimension this month with "X-Rated Book" reviews by writer-reviewer **JIM MARTIN.** Martin, a columnist for the Chicago Herald-Tribune, is also giving readers another first with "Film Talk," a lively bit of information on what's happening behind the scenes in the film world.

Naturally, we've got all our regular features, starting with "Feedback," "Advise & Consent," "Bits & Pieces," and the fabulous cartoon, "HONEY." "Sex Play" delves into anal intercourse; an incredible "Kinky Korner" written by JACK ARNOLD describes the trials and tribulations of a first-time slave; and authoress WENDY GREENFIELD joins the "Mile-High Club."

One more thing. We've got illustrations in the Anniversary Issue that are tops in the field. Take a close look this month. We think you'll agree.

Good reading to you.

Managing Editor





## HUSTLER

"FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD"

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Joe Sokol
NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE

Dilo, Inc. 114 E. 32 St. New York, N.Y. 10016 (212) 686-9050

Contributors: Tim Beckley, D.R. Butler, Noel Kilgen, Jim Martin, Ron Offen

Contributing Photographers: Valerie Brown, Tony Currin, Quicksilver

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## PUBLISHER'S STATTE/HENT



LARRY FLYNT

n 1973 the Supreme Court handed down a landmark decision (Miller vs. California) regarding sexually explicit materials. The decision was an apparent abnegation of the Court's responsibility to determine whether or not sexually explicit materials are obscene. It gave those powers to state, county and city jurisdictions (local).

Under the 1st Amendment we are guaranteed both freedom of speech and freedom of press. But according to Miller vs. California (5-4), the Court "revised its definition to '(1) whether the average person, applying contemporary community standards, would find that the work taken as a whole appeals to the prurient interest; (2) whether the work depicts or describes in a patently offensive way, sexual conduct specifically defined by the applicable state law; (3) whether the work taken as a whole lacks serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value."

The essential quality of this offensive, persnickety approach to the
pursuit of happiness has given an adultbehavior-regulating privilege to state,
county and lesser administrators who
would rather be re-elected than
sexually satisfied. What the decision
meant to the media-communications
industry was the impending onslaught
of "contradictory and restrictive legislation on the state level. Not only did this
happen, but numerous serious books,
films, and magazines were attacked
across the country."

The same year, 1973, seven national trade associations allied themselves in an effort to alert and inform their members and the public of events in obscenity legislation and of the dangers inherent in any type of censorship.

Recently, Indiana legislators submitted "S.46," a bill designed in

The 1st
Amendment:
Whose
Idea of
A bad
Joke?

part to "prohibit display of material on premises where minors have access." According to Media Coalition, Inc., "Community standards are not defined." What this means to drugstores, supermarkets, newsstands, bookstores and anywhere else that men's magazines, women's magazines and even satirical magazines such as the National Lampoon are displayed, is that customers under the age of 18 are not allowed to enter the store, if said magazines are reputed to be obscene. You won't be able to buy HUSTLER, Playboy, Oui, Playgirl, or any of the other titles you can buy almost anywhere because booksellers won't risk prosecution under new and capricious local obscenity rulings.

In a previous publisher's statement (March), I stated that, "No one made you read this magazine." That statement is still true. The impact of rulings like the one in Indiana can only lead to restriction of rights and privileges guaranteed under the 1st Amendment. It can conceivably ruin businesses and industries associated with the legitimate media, film and publishing included. And it threatens the American people with nihilistic, big-brother-like controls over what many of us believe is natural and pleasing.

If you want to do something about these "New Victorian" rulings, write your Congressperson and give light to your views. If you don't care what your rights are, you are still free to remain silent.

Lavy Flynt

PUBLISHER & EDITOR

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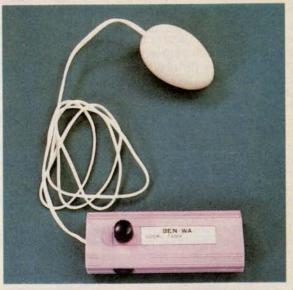




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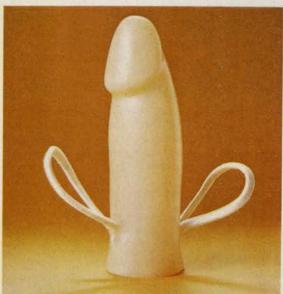


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## FEEDBACK

**Feminine Fantasy** 

I just bought your March issue and am forced to comment.

I was intrigued and turned-on by the subscription ad girl (Juno), who was sitting in that wicker chair with a pair of thi-top stockings (garterless) and thinking one of two things: of the admirable sexuality of her exposed intimate area; or whether she was brazen enough to put on nothing more than a mini-skirt and walk the windy city streets outside. She could enjoy shopping pantyless with hardly a thing covering her nudity from the stares of handsome young men who admired her beauty and gait, never knowing she was completely nude under her smock. She could gloat on the knowledge of their ignorance to her bare and vulnerable state, happily visualizing that they would go out of their minds if they knew her secret.

"The girl should be eaten," I thought to myself, "alive." If I had met this girl in a secluded spot, I would have eaten her to ecstasy, paying tribute to her naked vulva with my warm, moist and eager mouth. The girl would have been too beautifully and nakedly shaved to have fucked; no, I would have eaten her to exhaustion: panty-less, in a cut-out bra with a pair of thi-top stockings and mini-skirt—"with a shaved naked, quivering, glistening with expectation, hot pussy."

I would possibly give my left nut to know a girl like that.

Name withheld on request Fort Ord, Calif.

Fantasy, Again!

I wish you would provide me with pictures that didn't make the "Adolescent Fantasy" article. I'd pay, of course. I hope you feature more of this age group later (not necessarily this subject) and consider: boys may be just as beautiful.

Thomas E. Hoeflinger Dayton, Ohio

Sorry, we can't sell pictures or give out our model's address. However, the same girl returns this month in "Farmer's Daughter," another "adolescent lantasy."

Hey, more of those adolescent fantasies! And thanks for the shaved pussies.

> Name withheld on request Chicago, III.

At last there is a magazine on the better newsstands that shows us what we want to see in the way of the female figure and form! I just read through my first issue of HUSTLER and enjoyed seeing that you don't attempt to hide the vulvas of the gals. The moist, open pussy of your centerfold 'Honeys' are fantastic.

The special feature, Adolescent Fantasy, was unbelievable. Even though they were only drawings, that young supple body was a turn-on for me. As a school teacher there has been more than one young teenager I have wanted to spread buttocks on, and lick clean.

Keep the trail blazing — you have the best men's magazine so far!

Mr. Satisfied

The "Adolescent Fantasy" was for real! We only use drawings in illustrations and cartoons. Glad you liked it.



I rarely divulge my personal fetishes but your delicate exposure of the female anatomy has prompted me to come forward and admit that you are publishing the kind of pictures that I, and a majority of my peers, want to see. Not only are we interested in the unobstructed charm of the female vulva (Whoever heard of a male vulva?), but also those little shavers in "Adolescent Fantasy."

D. F. Johnson Victoria, B.C. Canada

I like your magazine. When I look at the girls I don't feel like I am going blind or need glasses. Keep up the good work, leave politics and social problems to *Playboy* and *Penthouse*. (Which I no longer buy.) I buy your magazine to look at the girls, not to remorse over problems of the world. Being a dirty old man I definitely appreciated the February pubescent pictorial. Do it again and leave the dirty old man out of the picture.

W. N. Webb San Francisco, Calif. Social problems are the responsibility of all of us. We want to keep giving you the pictorials you like to see, and we will, but bear with us when our pages carry editorial comment. After all, you're still getting what you have asked for.

**Naturally Snatch** 

For the life of me I cannot understand why a model will show up "as is" for a photo session knowing it will include spreads. She will make absolutely certain that every hair on her head is in place; that her make-up is just right; that her underarms and legs are shaved; that she is perfectly groomed all over-Except-that her pubic hair is ignored and unkempt and untrimmed (just as nature put it.) Maybe nature is always right, but she is also often unkind. I'm a devotee of the clean-shaven, having been made that way by years of viewing a superabundance of nothing but bush. When the results are in on the fantastic Michelle sequence (March 1975) I think your readers will agree. But even those who insist on retaining it should think enough of themselves to groom it to a park instead of a tangled jungle.

> Name withheld on request Huntington, Pa.

Bare pubes are the ultimate stimulation for me. My older sister started shaving her pubis at the first sign of growth, and has been doing so ever since. One day I discovered her undertaking the erotic task. She explained to me (as I nearly reached orgasm) that she herself reached a climactic state at the thought of her genitalia being revealed in its pre-pubescent naturalness.

Upon completion, she patted herself dry and sprinkled herself lightly with talc. She turned to me and asked if I had "hair" yet. She asked if I would let her "take care of it," which I did, and I've thanked her many times since then. Now my wife and myself have enjoyed the pleasures of shaving each other, occasionally using depilatories. The erotic silkiness of shaved genitalia just can't be compared to the rough, coarse bush of the back country.

Bare is Better U.S.A.

## It's Not What's Up Front That Counts

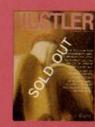
As a little constructive criticism, may I suggest to you that not all men go for the big busted gal. A survey which I recently made has proven that a large percentage go for small titties, so how about it?

John D. Perkins San Jose, Calif.

We like small breasts as well as larger breasts, and we'll be looking for more from now on!

## WANT US TO E AGAIN?





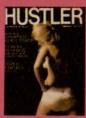




















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## ADVSE CONSEN

Advise and Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hang-ups or problems of a personal nature. If you have something on your mind, write us. Direct all letters to: Advise and Consent Editor, HUSTLER, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

My girl, Nanci, moved in with me about three months ago. I was so happy, because she was just the kind of girl I always wanted to fuck. Big tits and firm ass and nicely shaped legs. Real cute, too. The problem is that whenever she starts getting aroused she starts coming. I'm not kidding! I'll start feeling her, and just by moving my hand between her legs a few seconds suddenly she tenses up and starts groaning. Then she's already had her orgasm! One night she started coming just by me watching her undress. She still lets me fuck her, and it's still good, but she almost always has her orgasm before I have a chance to get inside her. Any suggestions?

**Bob Whitney** Portland, Ore.

We know a lot of guys who'd love to have your problem! So many men complain about their women not being able to have orgasms. Of course, there are other women like Nanci, too, who come very quickly. In tact, there are many more women like this than most men realize, only most women don't admit when they've had a premature orgasm.

If a woman gets excited enough, she can reach orgasm very easily. A lot of women, especially teenagers, reach orgasm on dates while their men never know anything about it. This is why it's so easy for them not to have sex if they choose - because they're already satisfied!

This is especially apt to happen if a girl is really keen on a guy and she thinks about him a lot in advance. This sounds like what is happening with Nanci. She really digs you and often thinks about having sex with you. So by the time you actually start doing things to her, she's so excited she can't hold back any longer. Probably after the initial excitement of your relationship wears off, it'll take her a little longer to reach orgasm. Also, you might surprise her and initiate sex sometimes when she least expects it. This way she won't have a chance to work up to it through her thoughts.

The girl I'm going with is a young actress who is going to acting school and has gotten some bit parts in a few plays here and there. Recently, she admitted to me that she had to screw the producers of those plays in order to get the parts. Also, she's confessed that she's fucked a couple of the guys who attend the school she does, as well as screwing one of her teachers. She says I'm going to have to get used to it, because she's going to have to fuck a lot of people to get anywhere in her profession. What do you think?

> H D Chittenden New York, N.Y.

She's right. From what we understand actresses do quite a bit of fucking. And there are so many of them that are willing that those who aren't usually are left out in the cold. So, if you're serious about sustaining a permanent relationship with her, you'd better get used to it!

I'm really confused about masturbation. Some people say you should and some people say you shouldn't. I don't know if it's right or wrong, or good or bad. Sometimes I feel very guilty for doing it. What do you think? Also, do very many women masturbate?

> Keith Merrick Jackson, Miss.

You may as well forget all the silly guilt teelings you have over masturbation. Let's face it, everyone has done it one time or another. Find me one single doctor or nurse, mayor or senator, astronaut or high school principal, professional athlete or college cheerleader who hasn't masturbated, and you will have found an extremely unusual person.

Forget ideas of what's right and wrong or good and bad. You'll only get more hung-up. If no harm is caused to anyone, then nothing wrong has been done. Shakespeare once said, "Nothing is bad or good, but thinking makes it so."

Yes, women masturbate, too. In fact, women can masturbate to orgasm right in front of you without your knowing a thing about it. All they have to do is squeeze their thighs together in a certain way to put pressure on the clitoris, and they can be coming right in the middle of a conversation - perhaps with a gasp or two.

My problem is simple enough; I've never been able to get any girls. One time I got laid, but I had to pay a week's paycheck for it. I ain't good looking, don't have much money, got a lousy personality, am short and skinny, and ain't too smart. Girls never went for me, and I don't think they're going to start now. It's men like me who need continued on next page

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## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS HUSTLER?

A man who can prove all men are not created equal. On a fuck-flick set, or beating the meat to his favorite magazine, he gets more out of the experience because he has more to put into it. And he finds being incredibly hung pays off. Fact: A recent survey indicated that 99% of HUSTLER readers have less than 10 inches. Want to reach men who are constantly in touch with themselves? You get their undivided erections in HUSTLER. (Source: Hustler News Service, 1975.)

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## ADVISE & CONSENT

continued from page 10

legalized prostitution. Unless you think there's any other way I can get a woman.

Name Withheld by Request Topeka, Kan.

Sounds like you have a horrible selfimage and, unless you correct it, you're going to prove yourself right in your prediction that no woman is going to go for you.

Women don't go for you because you have such a low opinion of yourself, so in their presence you're probably very dull, liteless and limp — literally! You are a man, aren't you? If you're not sure, look in your pants and check it out. If you are a man, then start thinking of yourself as one. Your looks, personality, money, physical build or intelligence doesn't really matter. The point is, there are so many lonely, horny women in the world looking for men, and you could satisfy the needs of many of these women if you would only start thinking positively of yourself.

Stop thinking about just getting a woman, and concentrate on what you have to give a woman. The sexiest men are those who think about making women happy, without worrying about what they're going to get in return.

Also, forget this business about going to prostitutes. As long as you think you

have to pay for sex, then you aren't thinking in terms of fulfilling the needs of lonely, frustrated women. No man has to pay for it. Any man can get it free these days. Stop kidding yourself about how lousy you think you are and get out there and sock it to someone!

I would like to know that if a woman uses a vibrator, carrot or any other artificial device for stimulation in her vagina, could she cause damage to her internal organs or reproductive system without realizing it? Also, can she get venereal disease from this type of object if she doesn't sterilize it before using it? I know a woman wants to be sexually satisfied, but I don't think she should risk injuring herself.

R.G. Portland, Ore.

The human body is usually pretty good in alerting you of any problems in your system through pain, bleeding, etc. However, sometimes, as you say, you can injure yourself unknowingly. Unless the woman has some physical impairment, she cannot damage or injure herself by placing a phallic shaped object inside her, providing she

## THE PHILOSOPHER

He is small who hides in order to show himself. ANTONIO PORCHIA

OCOCIO CONTROL CONTROL

"Harry takes his fun where he finds it."

teels no pain or experiences no abnormal bleeding. All objects should be thoroughly cleaned and sterilized before use to protect against infection or irritation. V.D. can be contracted through direct, and in some cases indirect, contact with someone who has it or is a carrier. Therefore, if the girl is using the vibrator, carrot, etc. after or with someone else, she should be aware of whether the other party is infected or not.

My problem is that my female companions wish I had a longer penis. What would you suggest to remedy this situation.

Name Withheld by Request East Bridgewater, Mass.

There is an old saying, "It ain't what you have, but how you use it." Don't worry so much about getting more of a penis, concentrate more on technique to please your women. Read HUSTLER's Sex Play for advice on technique. It is a continuous series of articles that should help you considerably. If you still feel inadequate, you could seek the advice of a doctor. There is some talk of silicone treatments to enlarge the size of penises as well as breasts, but that is something you would have to discuss with your doctor as prices and procedures vary.

I am writing to you because I have a problem nobody else has advice for. I have trouble performing fellatio on my husband. I love to do it, but when I do I always choke and sometimes throw-up. When he comes, it is with such force that I can't seem to swallow the sperm. I believe my marriage will be at stake if I don't soon learn how to satisfy him like he does me.

J.C. Tampa, Fla.

Performing fellatio on a man is not so much an art as it is sincere desire to do so. First of all, psychologically you may have a hang-up that you aren't even aware of. You may discover what it is if you openly discuss your problem with him. In that way you have it out in the open and he may be able to understand and help you. Secondly, you may not be performing fellatio physically correctly. Do not, unless you have learned otherwise and can handle it, plunge his cock deeply down your throat. First kiss the head, possibly running your tongue up and down the shaft, then gently, trying to cover your teeth with your lips so as not to cause him pain, insert the head into your mouth and tenderly suck on it, letting it move in and out slowly at first eventually increasing the speed. Always try to be careful not to scratch or bite him. Only place as much of the shaft as comfortably possible into your mouth and down your throat. Don't force yourself to take too much or you will gag. When he comes, let the juice shoot down your throat of its own force. This should not cause you any discomfort, especially once you get used to it.

# **HOLY BANANAS**

ot from the Vatican, but a life-saver, nonetheless. This peeled brown banana was a blessing in disguise for the woman who opened it.

At first glance it reminded her of Billy Holiday's "Strange Fruit." But having less to do with social problems and more

with eliminating frustration, she gave it to us for illustration.

Now, if you don't already have a suitable substitute, these bio-degradable, disposable jobbies don't have crabs and most are guaranteed against spreading social disease.

## BIIIS PIECES



nized crime elements.

Aside from the big money involved from the production the position to not only pirate and distribution ends, there is apparently a lucrative business in pirating and distrib- utors for a piece of the action. uting prints.

involved in the pirating of tions are ...

prints, but because of the espite predicted crack- Federal Government ousting downs on porno movie two leading distribution comhouses, the hardcore pix panies-Sherpix & Distribubusiness is still booming. pix - they have filled the Gross figures are easily in the "vacuum." It seems "no lesix-digit category and attract- gitimate operation is willing ing much attention from orga- to come back in on a large scale again."

> This puts the syndicate in prints close-hand, but also to put pressure on other distrib-

Never fear, though! The According to Les Baker, FBI is investigating underpresident of Variety Films world involvement in the porn (distributor of "French Blue"), business. And we all know not only has the Mafia been how effective FBI investiga-

## BITS PIECES

## otopia? well,

completely peaceful punish or neglect them; when virtually unheard of? Impos- feels ashamed. sible, you say. Yet, in a rug-Tarahumara Indians who, ac- and well-behaved." cording to Dr. L. Jolyon West, The general attitude of the attribute the reason for their tribe is one of peacefulness nonviolent existence to their and calm. Competitors are child-rearing methods. The not regarded with hostility, professor of Psychiatry for the but as helpers and are looked that the parents are "loving, turning to nature, the Tarahuvery affectionate and close to mara behavior seems to captheir children." They never ture the essence of the spirit.

nation, where competition, the child does wrong, he is homicide and suicides are reprimanded and, in turn,

This technique apparently ged area of Mexico there produces children that are lives a tribe of about 50,000 "lively, attractive, full of spirit

University of California said upon kindly. In this day of re-

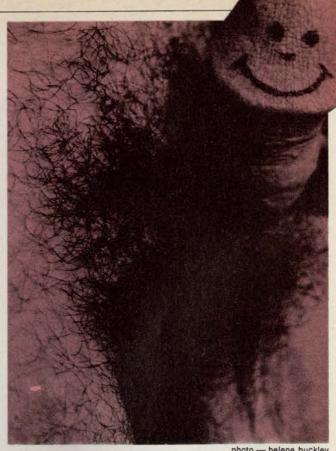


photo - helene buckley

## SMILE, GOD LONES YOU THO IT DOESN'T LOOK IT

CREW publisher Jim "SCREW on the Screen." Buck-Buckley may have to hold himself up, but his cock is smiling because in about thirty seconds it's going to fly up Al Goldstein's ass.

The picture was taken on the set of SCREW'S lev and Goldstein's latest entry to the mass media market. It's not surprising to us that with this kind of nonsense going on at the SCREW offices, SCREW doesn't turn out trashier than it is.

## COCK BREATH

eanderthal? Cro-Magnon? Swanscombe? Whoever our ancestors were, and wherever they lived. fossils like these have preserved evidence of sexual characteristics for modern anthropologists to theorize by.

Affinities don't seem to have changed much. The question now is how could anyone have been caught by catastrophe in a living situation like this. On the other hand, how many times have you told yourself (and others) that if you had your way you'd go under getting head?



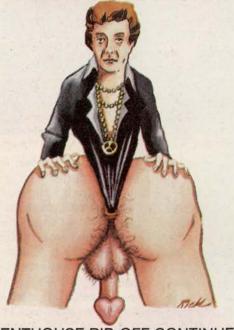
photo - valerie brown produced by ed d. louie

## 

USTLER hails the Village VOICE for its persistent coverage of New York's and New Jersey's latest nursing home scandals. Investigative reporter Jack Newfield has helped reveal onceprominent citizens to the public for what they really are - in this case, "greedy ghouls" who have been living off the old and infirmed for twenty years by providing them "homes" less hospitable than Auschwitz.

The VOICE also provides weekly coverage of issues of national and international importance. It is a weekly forum for diverse, responsible editorial opinion. And it continues to keep readers informed of what's happening in the arts and entertainment in the Big Apple. If you don't get it, or can't find it on newsstands near you, write: The Village VOICE, Subscriptions, 80 University Place, New York, N.Y., 10003.

## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH



## PENTHOUSE RIP-OFF CONTINUES

things in life is originality. It's what makes us tick and run. Sometimes originality has to be pursued in revolutionary ways and under revolutionary circumstances. Such was the case with the American Revolution, the Indo-Chinese Revolution, and even the Lenny Bruce "How to Talk Dirty" Revolution.

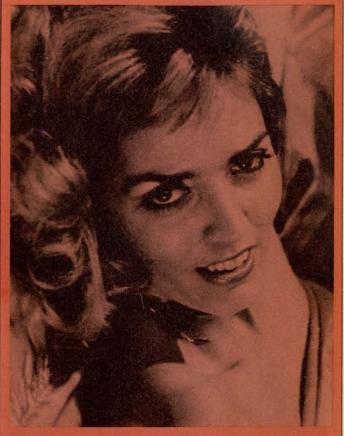
That wasn't the case with Penthouse when Publisher Bob Guccione broke into the men's magazine market. Hefner had already paved the way with Playboy. Guccione followed suit by duplicating Playboy's estab-lished format, ripping off such names as Penthouse (from Playboy's Penthouse), and Penthouse Forum (from Playboy Forum). He hasn't stopped since then as an examination of his

ne of the most important approach to both pictorials and editorials will reveal.

Putting it mildly, Guccione is up to his old tricks. This time he is imitating HUSTLER's exciting "Open Pussy" style (Our "Publisher's Statement," May, 1975). This is not the first time Guccione let his competitors do the thinking. As we pointed out in December, 1974's "Bits & Pieces," Guccione used HUS-TLER's Honey Karen Dermer in his October Issue. Finally, in his most recent rip-off, he placed HUSTLER's Olinka (January, 1975 Honey) on page 103 of his April, 1975 fashion spread.

Obviously Guccione is hardup for anything new. He can't develop ideas on his own. And when he lets someone do it for him, he comes up short — just like Penthouse.

## ECFS



## MICKEY MOUSE IN HOOKER LAND

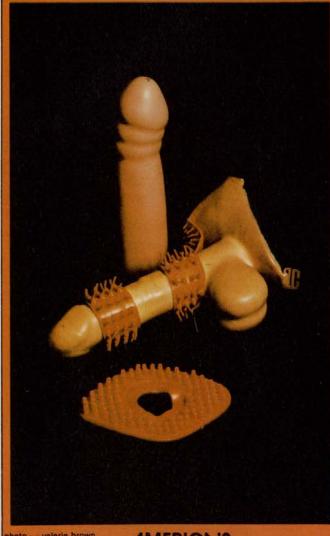
he infamous porn film. 'The Life and Times of Xaviera Hollander," is taking it on the chin . . . again!

After a neat \$2 million suit filed by Xaviera Hollander claiming that the film was not based on her life or any portions of it, the name was changed to "The Life and Times of a Happy Hooker."

Now, Walt Disney Productions is having a word to say about a scene where the Mickey Mouse March is used as background music and three of the four participants are wearing Mouseketeer ears. According to Disney representative Walter Stratton, this is a copyright infringement worth \$2.5 million in damages.

Seymour Deskey representing the film's distributor, Mature Pictures Corporation of New York, told the presiding judge that "the portions of the film complained about were being excised from prints as they were being turned in from theaters, and that the Mickey Mouse song only lasts one or two minutes." And so it goes as Mickey disappears from the sex set.

## BITS PIECES



## AMERICA'S ANSWER TO THE FRENCH TICKLER

But take a closer look.

dildo, unexciting and plain, available at any adult book store or sex shop, was modified with little effort by using a simple red soap saver.

The soap saver is available at hardware stores and

o-it-yourself dildo? supermarkets everywhere! Sounds redundant, at first. Try to get one with suction cups on the bottom. Using a This ordinary stock pair of household scissors cut a rectangular length of spiny rubber; wrap the material around the plastic shaft, and PRESTO!

America's answer to the French tickler! And you did it yourself.

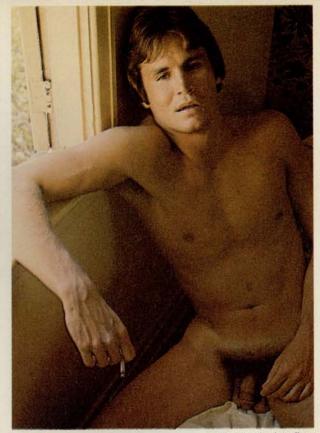


photo — don brandburn

ho was that man? Why, he's the Happy Hustler. You mean the Happy Hook ... No, we mean the HAPPY HUSTLER — Grant Tracy Saxon. ("Men call me Grant. women call me Tracy.")

His book, THE HAPPY HUSTLER, recently released by Warner Paperback Library -is complete with the very first male nude fold-out in a paperback, 8 pages of photos that would make Burt Reynolds blush and a candid view of the life of a bisexual male whore.

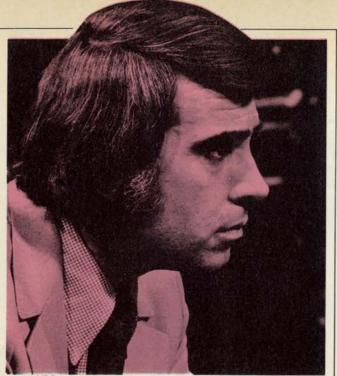
His sordid story began when he was working in a Midwestern whorehouse. After which he picked up with an older woman and started traveling with her around the world. She dumped him in Switzerland where he had to sell his body, primarily to rich men, to get a ticket back to New York. Once there, he worked for a stud service and, after learning the ropes,

started his own in Chicago. Purportedly, he is one of the youngest and most successful male "madams" in history.

Michael Kearns (his real name, which he also goes by) is also a serious actor and entertainer. He has performed on stage, appeared in commercials and even did a stint in "The Waltons." (He claims that the price for an hour with his body is far more than what he received for an hour on America's most popular television show.)

His various adventures are fascinating, wildly outrageous and sometimes sad, but nevertheless filled with life and zest for living. Grant says that's precisely the reason he's been a "happy" hustler.

Presently, he is working on a sequel to his book, as well as brushing up his nightclub act, "Love For Sale," which opens up in Chicago this month.



## INSOMNIACS REJOICE. SNYDER'S ON "TOMORROW"

Tom Snyder's move to New York from Los Angeles to continue hosting the "Tomorrow Show" seems to be giving the dragging tail of the WNBC ratings a wag.

Filling the late-night gap left after Johnny Carson's "Tonight Show," Snyder has become an insomniac's dream. Even tho his approach, at times, is frustrating with his interruptions and verbosity, he keeps the proverbial ball rolling.

His guests are usually a diversified slice of life ranging from "hot" controversial types to "off-the-wall loonies." And he has a knack of getting them to speak candidly, much to the viewer's delight.

One definite plus for both Snyder and his producers is that they are not apprehensive about hosting people that will cause a stir, either positively or negatively, in the television audience. It seems that the more controversial the guest or his topic the more interested Snyder is in having him speak his piece.

## BITS PIECES

feeling well, it might be a good idea to believe what she says.

This sad case is the result of not paying more attention to her when she wasn't in peak form. The rocket exploded, and though she didn't gag when his head

f she tells you she isn't hit the back of her throat, she simply couldn't weather the stormy sea.

> Naturally, the moral of this candid photo is "Don't suck cock on an upset stomach." Whether Alka Seltzer would have done any good is a question the advertiser might want to appeal.

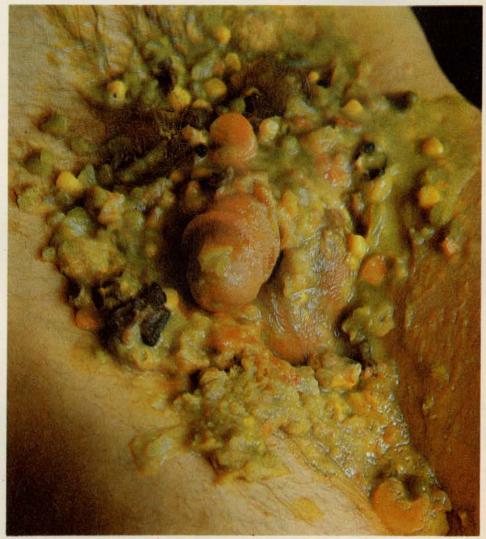


photo - valerie brown

## BILZ PIECES

ere at last! Now, for all you blue movie lovers, Something for everyone; whoever or whatever you're have you seen a rock climax? into, you'll find it here. In- (2 hr. 15 min. - \$110) credible Super-8 films, in full color, for every taste or perversion. Please order by work. A must for women libnumber and enclose \$1 per bers. Not suggested for men film to cover postage and who doubt their masculinity. handling

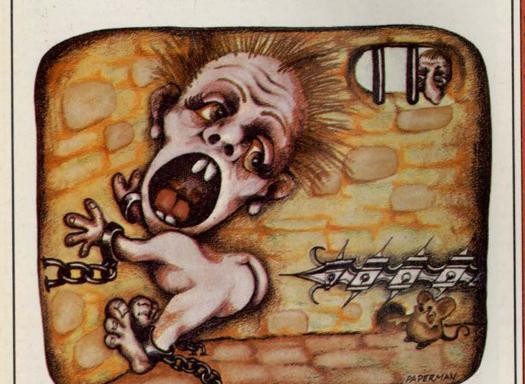
Turtle making love to large stag show, skin flick and rock. Animal freaks, here it hard porn peepers, UNI- is! Segment includes longest SEX offers the ultimate, orgasm ever recorded on film. Unique. How many times

T-51

Automatic pickle-slicer at (4 min. 5 sec. - \$10)

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON





SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS!

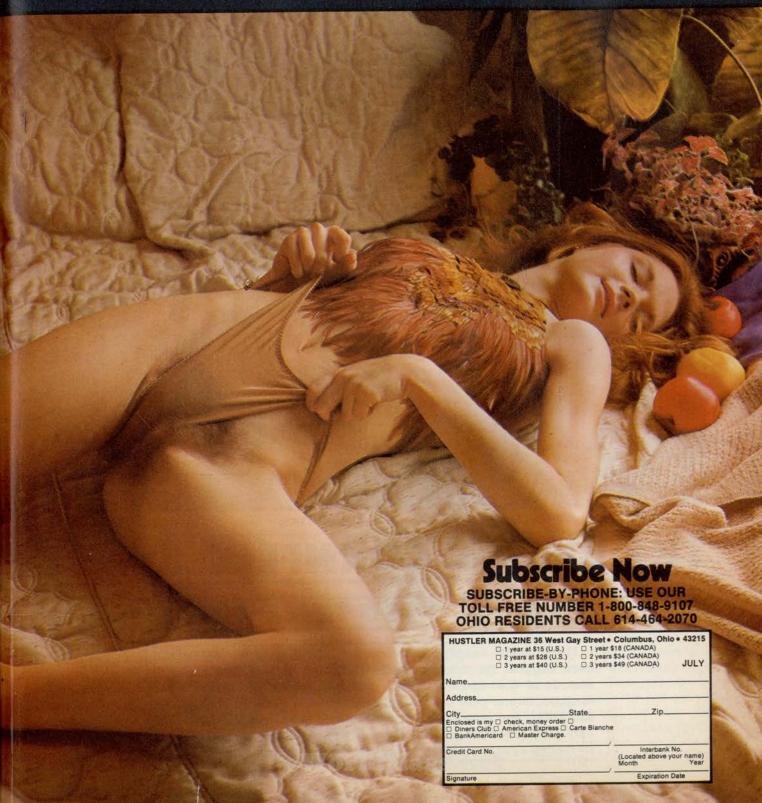
## **JULY 4, 1975**

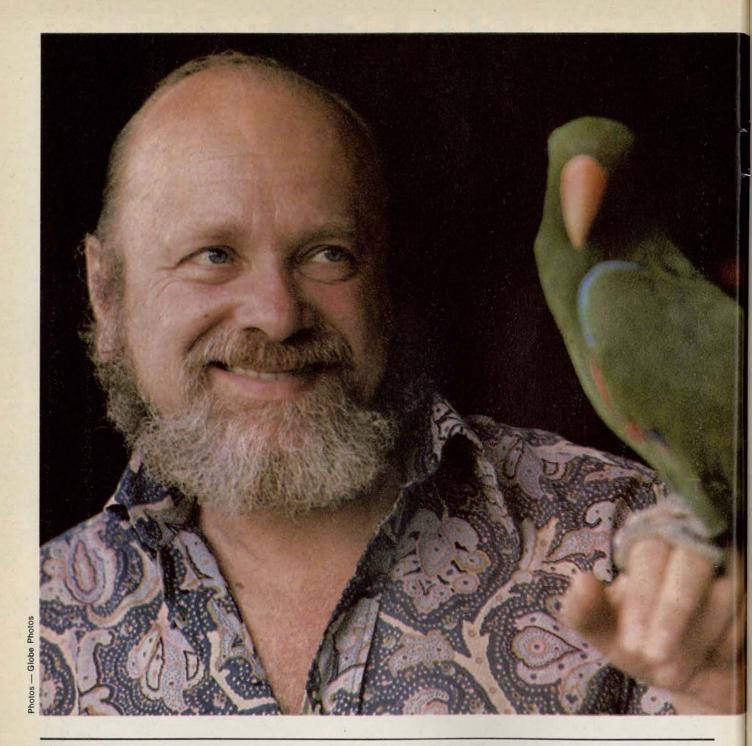
ust think, next year tnis month we'll be two hundred years old. For right now, it's just the 199th Anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Whether or not we're really free is still the subject of daily debate.

Personal freedoms remain intact only inside quiet houses. The F.B.I. and the C.I.A. are notorious for infringing on each other's hallowed ground, and on the privacy of thousands of conscientious people. Nevertheless, Americans still seem to be ahead of the game.

Compared to the '60's, when the hungry, angry faces of students sympathetic to chronic revolt appeared nearly everywhere, the look of the 70's is dreary and tired. We hope the latter part of the 70's, and the beginning of America's third century as a republic, will bring with it the high-spirited criticism and liberation that seems inherent in any nation's bicentennial celebration,

## ANYONE CAN BE A PLAYBOY AND HAVE A PENTHOUSE BUT IT TAKES A MAN TO BE A HUSTLER

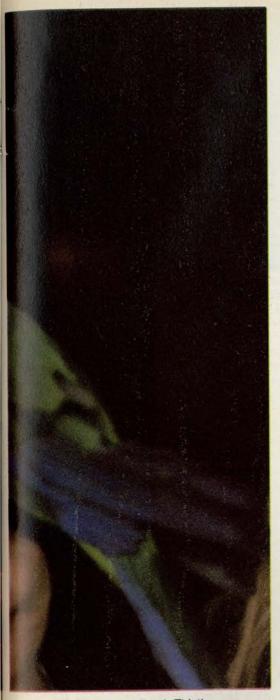




## THE BERNIE CORNFELD STORY

## **HOW THE GOOD TIMES ROLLED**

The financial finagling and amorous activities of Bernie Cornfeld once boggled the minds of millions. The gnomes of Zurich and the wizards of Wall Street watched in wonder as the short, slim, silvertongued, former poor boy from Brooklyn built a financial empire worth \$2.3 billion and amassed a personal fortune of \$200 million. Even members of the jaded Jet Set were shocked by his sexcapades and penchant for having a gorgeous girl in every bedroom of his five pleasure palaces.



By Frank Thistle

But one day several years ago, Bernie's big, beautiful bubble burst. The man who had introduced the hard-sell mutual fund business to Europe and had won fame and fortune as a fabulous financier was toppled from his throne. He was forced to sell Investors Overseas Service (IOS), the firm he founded. From there things went from bad to worse.

First, he got "screwed" by a 19-yearold girl named Valli Davis. She told British bobbies he tried to rape her. And what's more she made the charge stick. Even more embarrassing to the man with the Midas touch was that the



incident occurred in his own home in London's fashionable Mayfair district. And to add insult to injury, Cornfeld claimed the girl was his mistress! Whatever her motives were in accusing her benefactor of attempted rape, one thing is certain — Miss Davis was a very ungrateful house guest.

In court, her lawyers said she had accepted a job at Cornfeld's home. But defense attorneys claimed that Miss Davis, a Los Angeles resident, had come to Europe to be his mistress. Cornfeld's lawyer Michael Ogden also suggested that "the whole thing may have been a preconceived plot." He said that after the incident the mother of Miss Davis had telephoned Cornfeld suggesting that a settlement could be arranged and that a lawyer for Miss Davis sought \$25,000 to drop the case.

Cornfeld admitted walking naked into the bedroom of Miss Davis and trying to make love to her, but he denied charges of rape and causing bodily harm. According to Miss Davis, she resisted Cornfeld's sexual advances and after a struggle got free. She then threw on a coat, ran barefoot into the street and escaped in a taxi.

Cornfeld was found guilty of indecent assault and fined \$1,125. He won't miss the money, but the shame and ridicule of the whole thing put a goodsized dent in his enormous ego.

Then Bernie suffered still a bigger blow. Just two weeks after being found guilty of indecent assault against Miss Davis, he was arrested in Geneva, while visiting his mother, on charges of fraud, abetting speculation and mismanagement in connection with Investors Overseas Services. Examining Magistrate Pierre-Christian Weber, who

ordered his arrest, said the charges against Cornfeld were "very complicated." The charges in the warrant related to the period when Cornfeld was managing director of IOS. He and his associates were alleged to have encouraged people to subscribe to a public issue of IOS stock in September, 1969, although they knew the firm was already in financial difficulties.

So, one dismal morning in May, 1973, the once-proud wizard of high finance found himself behind bars in a Geneva bastille. Before it fell apart, IOS employed nearly 3,000 persons in the Geneva area alone. It claimed to manage the assets of \$2.3 billion from more than 100,000 investors in more than 100 countries. As the IOS crisis got worse, members of management began fighting among themselves and investors clamored for their money back.

After several attempts to save his brainchild, Cornfeld sold his shares to American financier Robert Vesco in 1971. Vesco, another expert at amassing money, has been indicted by a federal grand jury of conspiring to secretly contribute \$200,000 to former-President Nixon's 1972 re-election campaign. Meanwhile, he is living in luxury in Costa Rica and it is doubtful he can be extradited to the U.S. to stand trial.

For almost a year Cornfeld languished in Geneva's St. Antoine Prison, dreaming of the good old days when he lived like a king and was, indeed, king of Europe's cash. Those were the good old days for Bernie. He had everything money could buy. He wore flashy clothes, surrounded himself with squads of girls in microminis, owned two castles and his all-night parties became





Bernie relaxes with a few of his girls

legendary. He was a bizarre figure, part Peter Pan and part Midas. His days and nights were packed with people, planes, horses, telephone calls, travel and parties. Everywhere he went, even to talk to staid bankers, he took a bevy of beautiful babes with him.

Ordinarily, he was as mild-mannered and soft-spoken as a shoe clerk, but occasionally he exploded into profane rages. He was very informal and all his employees called him Bernie. His biggest failing was always being two hours late for business appointments. But when you're riding high, wide and handsome and have the world on a string, somehow people don't mind being kept waiting.

The five-foot, five-inch wonder boy grew so big in money matters that he turned over the day-to-day operation of IOS to lieutenants so he would have time to devote to personal fancies. He bought interests in two fashion houses and was received by Pope Paul VI in a private audience.

Cornfeld lived in a style that a maharaja might envy. He rarely arose before noon and seldom went to bed before four o'clock in the morning. He divided his time between a 13th century chateau in France, where he kept a stable of horses, a Geneva lakeside villa loaded with costly antiques, a Paris apartment, a small but elegant London townhouse and a suite at Manhattan's Carlyle Hotel.

The Istanbul-born potentate, whose immigrant parents brought him to Brooklyn at the age of four, had few vices. He didn't smoke and drank mostly cokes. His biggest vice was his passion for midnight parties. A Christmas party he gave in Geneva in 1969

was typical. His staff danced from 8 p.m. until dawn to the beat of a psychedelic band and washed down an elaborate buffet with 3,000 bottles of champagne. After the party ended, Bernie kissed all the girls goodnight.

No girl has ever talked Bernie into marriage . . . maybe because his No. 1 girl is his mother, now 85. When he was living it up in Geneva and traveling a great deal he always instructed his German secretary, Didi, to "tell my mother that I'll be back tomorrow." Cornfeld is still more devoted to his mother than to any other person in the world.

Once he became a tycoon in Europe, after being a social worker in Philadelphia, he installed his mother on the third floor of his 19th century castle built by Napoleon at 218 Rue de Lausanne in Geneva. While the businessman bachelor lived it up downstairs dispensing caviar and vodka to his guests who danced the night away, his dear mother kept her ears stuffed with cotton and lived in a world of gefilte fish and tea with lemon and silent memories of life in Brooklyn.

"If things get too noisy downstairs late at night," Sophie Cornfeld once told a reporter, "I just call downstairs and tell them to shut up."

And when his mother talks, Bernie always listens. But their life-styles were a little different during his days of grandeur. He slept in a bedroom whose walls and ceiling were covered in bright red velvet and adorned with art objects collected on his world-wide travels. Her walls were lined with pictures of her son Bernie during the old days in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Cornfeld delighted in showing visitors these pictures. One picture was

taken at 13 on his Bar Mitzvah day. Another showed him in his Merchant Marine uniform. And there was another picture of him graduating from Public School 225 in Brooklyn taken in January, 1942.

"Can you find Bernie?" she asked a reporter with tears in her eyes. "He was always a good boy. Now he's so busy, I seldom get to see him. Sometimes when he's in Geneva he comes up and we schmooze a little. I don't look upon Bernie as a world financier. He's my son, whom I want to give tender care. There was a time I would have liked to have had a daughter-in-law. But I've given up on this. I know he's too busy to get married."

Mrs. Cornfeld was lonely when she first arrived in Geneva in 1965, but Bernie did his best to make her feel at home. He installed a Jewish delicatessen at his business headquarters not far from his home and daily flew in quantities of quality pastrami and salami from New York. He put a Rolls Royce at her disposal and every few days she rode to the delicatessen for lunch.

Mrs. Cornfeld, a widow who was forced to work to support Bernie and two brothers for most of her life, didn't change her economical ways just because her son had become rich. In a closet in her apartment she saved old paper bags and string just in case she had to wrap a package for a friend.

Cornfeld vacated his Geneva palace in the Spring of 1970 after the empire he had built began to totter and a new management team took over. Although he lost many millions during those dark days he wasn't exactly a pauper when continued on page 97



## HUSTILER PORN REI/IEU/

HUSTLER Porn Review is designed to fill you in and keep you up-to-date on the latest X-Rated flicks flooding the market today. We try to be as reliable as possible, and our HARD-ON RATINGS are based on the quality-for-your-money. All movies we review can be seen at your local adult movie house. But BUYER BEWARE: A good number of these films are optically censored to suit local audiences. We suggest you check beforehand whether your five bucks is going to give you the real thing, or hemorrhoids.



RATING GUIDE

TOTALLY LIMP.

Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.



HALF-ERECT.

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT.

Look, Ma! No hands.



**ERECTION!** 

If this doesn't get it up, you're probably dead. Almost a constant turn-on.

FILM TALK .....

by James Martin

In the metamorphic movie business, perhaps the only constant is change itself. Technical aspects of film improve, styles change, fads come and go . . . and movie mores and morals change. Not since American film executive Will H. Hays imposed the tight-fisted production code on a frightened industry in 1930, however, has film morality changed as fast (albeit in another direction) as it has in the past five years.

In 1969, the motion picture world was spun on its collective ear when an x-rated film, "Midnight Cowboy," walked away with an Oscar for Best

Picture. While a candid look at a seamy side of sidewalk life, it was hardly sexplicit except by intimation; but it opened the door for acceptance of harder material.

The years which followed saw a gradual loosening of censorship—with a few set-backs—until we have reached a situation today, despite a stacked Nixon Supreme Court, wherein little is taboo on the screen. And more people, from a wider spectrum of society, have seen hard-core sex on screen in the last half-decade than in the movie industry's first 70 years combined.

Films such as "Deep Throat" and "The Devil in Miss Jones" popularized sexually explicit films, and Hollywood was quick to pick up the sexual gauntlet.

While the results were generally margarine to hard-core's butter, a number of major filmmakers began to delve into the subject of sex (often in relationship to guilt) as they had never done before. Bertolucci's "Last Tango in Paris" was among the best — and most publicized — of the lot, but there were plenty of others. Nicholas Roeg made the excellent "Don't Look Now" with Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie, and stopped just short of having them actually ball in one of the most erotic bedroom scenes ever filmed.

Established filmmakers continue to make sexually-oriented films, but so far, none has dared to go the hard-core route, cat-dancing around the peripheries of penetration that Damiano staked out years ago. Luis Bunuel has completed work on "The Phantom of Liberte," Pier Paolo Pasolini has fin-

ished shooting what is termed a pagan film about sex and guilt in "The Arabian Nights" and Alain Robbe-Grillet has indicated that bizarre sexual activity will be part and parcel of his "The Game With Fire."

Meanwhile, while Gerard Damiano ("Deep Throat," "Devil in Miss Jones") proclaims that "pornography as we have known it is dead," former Nixon press secretary Ronald Ziegler had a speech at the University of Wisconsin financed in part by a showing of "Deep Throat," and Damiano's own "Memories Within Miss Aggie" is so highly thought of that it was screened by the Motion Picture Academy of America as a potential Oscar nominee in three categories. Pornography, or hard-core films, show no sign of disappearing from our downtown theater screens, however, but it does appear that the novelty has worn off, the audience dwindled to the steadfast.

What will replace it in the hearts of the general mass audiences? According to recent film releases, a new brand of film will emerge which has melded the conceits of hard-core with the stylistic techniques of the Hollywood and European film. The result: The well-made soft-core film.

"The Night Porter" certainly belongs in that class, as does the highly-touted French import, "Emmanuelle." But while this type of film often brings a higher technical quality of filmmaking to the screen, and more often than not some "name actors and directors," the over-all quality is little better than the European imports we saw 10 years ago.

So, it would seem that we are now



in for a series of well-made soft-core The excellence Damiano has come to films - all simulation in place of the penetration that might have been and how good they will be depends as much on the quality of the screen writers involved as on the director. Film is now in a state of transition, able to move in almost any direction it chooses: but don't be surprised if after a few years of obscurity, soft-core kings Russ Meyer and Radley Metzger are back in vogue before you can say "Deep Throat II."

## **FULFILLMENT**



A compilation of some of the best scenes from the Johnny Wadd films, this film would not be exceptional but for the presence of John (Wadd) Holmes and his foot-long cock. The film quality is poor in several of the sequences, but the overall action makes it worthwhile. The best scenes include that of one Ms. Sharon York taking 12 inches in the ass, and that of two girl scouts passing Wadd's cum from mouth to mouth.

## FRENCH THROAT



Also advertised under the title The French Way, this film by Henri Pierre Duval, purports to be shot entirely in France. In fact, it could have been filmed in Akron. A few location shots of Paris (in obviously different film stock) try to set the scene for this "documentary" style film. The sex, which is explicit, is all shot in boring close-up and character development and story line are non-existent, replaced by a phony French-accented female narrator.

## **PORTRAITS**



Jerry Damiano's latest picture curiously appears without credits in many cities, apparently due to fear of prosecution under the Nixon Supreme Court.

stand for falls a little short of its potential, but the film makes up for most shortcomings by featuring Kansas City's Singing Cocksucker, Jody Maxwell. Based loosely on The Three Faces of Eve, Maxwell plays a girl with three personalities. The acting is okay, as well as Damiano's camera work; the action in the scenes where Jody sings while giving head is explicit. All in all, it's not one of the best the Porn King has put out, but better than the average flick of this genre.

## DEEP THROAT & THE **DEVIL IN MISS JONES**

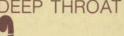


These two Damiano films remain classic in the genre, the first with a bit



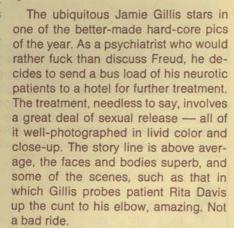
of wry humor, the second with a bit of Hitchcockian conceit. In the original versions of each, the sex is hard and well-filmed; but check out your local version - optically censored versions of each have been making the rounds.

## DEEP THROAT II



This film, which borrows on the title and star of its predecessor (Linda Lovelace), is the rip-off of the year. No hardcore action here, only soft-core schmaltz in an attempt to capitalize on the earlier, Damiano-made product. Avoid it.

## LOVE BUS



## THE FILTHIEST SHOW IN TOWN

A take-off on TV's The Dating Game show, this film offers a modicum of humor, but very little erotic hard-core action. Harry Reems and Tina Russell are among the stars, but aside from them, there is nothing memorable about this film.

## TEENAGE SEX KITTENS

There has been a spate of "teenage" titled hard-core films of late, but this is far and away the best. The photography is excellent, the faces and bodies fresh and the action fast and explicit. Some of the best scenes take place around a pool, others involve a couple of teenagers using sex to blackmail older men into positions they never expected to be.

## MARRIAGE AND OTHER STRANGE THINGS



Also known as "Marriage and Other Four-letter Words," if this film has a weakness, it's in the lack of sexual action. With more plot than most in the



genre, it takes a while to warm up, but the acting and camera work is good, and once the sexual scenes get swinging, they add immeasurably to the story of a young married couple going through changes. Several slowlydeveloping erotic scenes, including some underwater activity, especially stand out.

## LICKETY SPLIT

Linda Lovemore, who is said to give head better than Linda Lovelace, makes her hard-core debut in this film, and it's not disappointing. Acting depth gives way to throat depth in this pic, but when the plot isn't moving along too slowly, this has some of the best twosome and group action to be found in your neighborhood theaters. Watch for the concluding bus orgy scene—it's a comer.

## THE LIFE AND TIMES OF XAVIERA HOLLANDER

This film may be playing under any one of several titles due to the fact that it bears absolutely no resemblance to the life or times of the Happy Hooker. If it isn't carrying the title captioned above, look for it as THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE HAPPY HOOKER. Photographed by Larry Spangler with an attractive female lead played by explaymate Samantha McLaren, you might still be disappointed — even with the original version.

## MEMORIES WITHIN MISS AGGIE

Gerald Damiano's best film to date was screened in three categories by the Motion Picture Academy in consideration for an Oscar. The plot involves an older woman (Deborah Ashira) who in the loneliness of her farm home, re-



calls the sexual aspects of her past. Kim Pope is especially fetching as the young Miss Aggie, Mary Stuart is raunchy as a developing one. Throughout the film acting is first-rate, and under Damiano's direction, the script and photography perfect. One of the very best porn films to date.

## HIM

This film, the current, hot homo flick, won't interest most of our readers, but it's one of the better-made male-formale films. Strictly for men who like male action.

## THE SEDUCTION OF LYN CARTER

Unusually fine acting and a good storyline make this one of the best hard-core films around. After 15 years of marriage, a couple finds their marriage going stale and decide to liven it up with a little outside sex. Andrea True and Jamie Gillis, both well-exposed performers, turn in good performances to go with the well-photographed explicit action.



"OK Pally, I'll buy that. We don't buzz in your ear and you don't eat no horseshit."

## X RAITED BOOKS









Fuck-book fans, Rejoice! HUSTLER's New X-Rated Book Review now gives you the same dependable ratings on fuck-books as Porn Review gives you for blue movies. And it uses the same Erecto-meter Rating System, too! Written and researched by our Porn Review columnist, Jim Martin, this select list was compiled from thousands of fuck-books available at your local Adult Bookstores.

## VALLEY OF THE DOGS



Eros Goldstone Publication \$2.25; 183 pages

Valley of the Dogs, by one of the more reliable publishers, Eros Goldstone, is one of the best of the always-popular bestiality books around.

An obvious spin-off of Jacqueline Susann's Valley of the Dolls, the only similarity is in the title. Taking a slightly different tack than most in the genre, this book opens with the protestations of one Kemo Vincent, inmate of an asylum for the insane who professes both his sanity and his innocence of any crimes committed; and to the credit of the author, the book is not only solid in erotic imagery, but in storyline. Throughout, we can never quite be certain whether the mad tales of bestiality are only the outcries of the insane or the legitimate stories of a man wrongly accused

Regardless, the action, real or imagined by the narrator, comes hard and fast with the descriptive sexual activity both explicit and tantalizing. Kemo, it seems, was only looking for a gardener's job in the (Southern California) Valley, when he stumbled across one Mrs. Gretchen Pelegra and her amazing dog, Shako.

Led through a maze of sexual encounters (including a group of society women who get off on canines), Kemo is finally spent out in a frenzy of an orgy which includes sheep, dogs, a bull and even men and women by book's end. You should find this a better than average buy.

## THE EAGER CONTESTANTS



Harvey Cliff — Special Collection \$1.95; 190 pages

The Eager Contestants is a run of the mill Harvey Cliff book about a group

of young girls who gather in a beach resort town to take part in a beauty pageant.

Everyone wants to win the big contest, and of course each girl believes that the one who beds the most judges will be the victor. The problem with this book is that in the jumping from one character to another, we never really get a singular solid characterization, but rather a series of bangs and blow jobs, which in their abundance, tend to weaken with the pages.

The one erotic scene in the book takes place when one of the girls, wishing to impress the judges and photogs, "accidentally" lets her bikini top slip from her breasts, providing all with a candid view they didn't expect. Aside from this scene, and a subsequent beach seduction segment, there is little out of the ordinary in this novel.

## A VACATION ORGY



A Beeline Publication \$2.25; 220 pages

Verna is a coed on vacation — so is Jennifer, and so are the rest of the protagonists in this very average Beeline publication, A Vacation Orgy. And lucky Dave Gardner is not only on a sunny vacation, but is the recipient of the throaty affections of the numerous coeds who frequent his beach.

The premise of this book, which has very little storyline, but plenty of hard-core action, is that every young woman on a summer vacation is not only young, but nubile, willing and ready for action . . . a faulty premise at best.

Chauvinism is rampant throughout this novel, and the pseudo-sophistica-

## THE PHILOSOPHER

Teaching without words and work without doing Are understood by very few.

LAO TSU

tion of the verbiage ("The corded muscles in his back and upper arms rippled under the deeply tanned skin") is no more effective at striking an erotic chord than the rough, dirty talk ("Oh, fuck me, you beautiful sonuvabitch!").

While Beeline is generally a reliable press, this is not one of their better efforts.

## A HAUGHTY WENCH



A Beeline Publication \$2.25; 188 pages

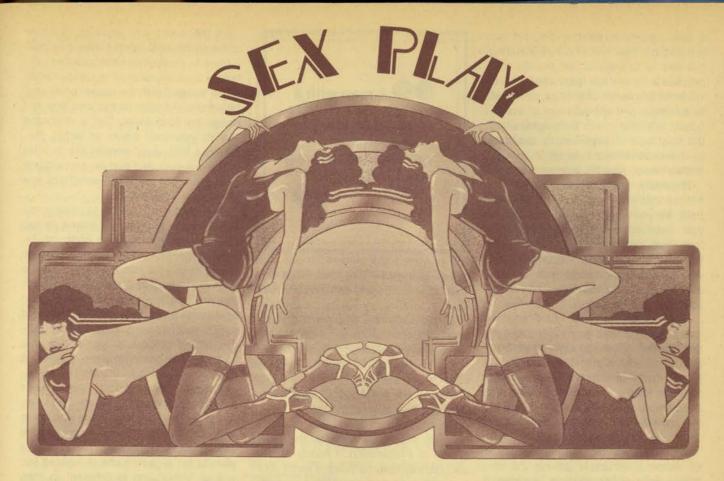
A Haughty Wench, an Orpheus Classic by Beeline Press, is an unusually well-written piece of hard-core.

Filled with images of gabled houses and iron fences, it bears the stamp of a writer who is as much concerned with the use of the language as he is with knowledge of the body.

The story concerns a man named Jimmy, who comes to visit a rich bitch with the high-class name of Helene de Vares, and instead encounters Pamela, a young blue-jean clad girl of zaftig proportions whose presence is that of raw sexuality, her mein, one of insouciance. What follows is expected — they couple in the garage of the home, and continue to do so throughout the book. But what sets this novel apart from most, is the author's ability to treat sexual encounters as character conflict.

By concentrating his penmanship on the movements, the aromas, the games of sex, the writer, while making his work less explicit, has captured a far more erotic feeling than if he had bared all blatantly on page one. Voyeurism, he understands, is an important ingredient in eroticism; and the sensual effects of this book are in the anticipation as much as in the actual sexual activities.

The sex is all there, however, enough to please the most avid reader; and the sexual descriptions are handled as if the author had actually been there . . . and then some.



## Anal Intercourse: Through The Back Door

Through these Sex Play articles, HUSTLER is trying to break down some of the myths surrounding certain sexual practices, especially anal intercourse, this month's Sex Play topic. The aversion to its mention during cocktail conversations is well known, but the subtle desire of both men and women to get fucked in the ass is a strong one, and usually suppressed because of the misunderstanding surrounding its practice. When approached with a healthy attitude going thru the "backdoor" can be an exceptionally pleasant and exciting experience.

## by Mike Roberts

How often have you, as a man, been told to 'go fuck yourself' either by a close friend in jest, or a sincere enemy in anger? How many times have you taken it upon yourself to leisurely -or ambitiously - undergo the penetrating experience of anal intercourse? If never, by phallus or dildo, you probably have a great deal to explore in the exotic realm of anal sex, including how to make it an enjoyable, pleasurable experience for yourself, and especially for your lovers. If you succeed, anal intercourse could well become a sought after alternative to straight balling.

As is the case with many forms of imaginative sexual behavior, anal intercourse has been legislated against in western cultures for hundreds of years. Usually it falls under the statutes dealing with sodomy—from the purportedly perverted kingdom of Sodom, where anal sex, bestiality, oral sex, and so on, were common numbers. Early Americans from Europe frowned upon anal intercourse. Hence, the huge number of states where anal intercourse is still illegal. Anal sex is documented in writings and paintings dating far into history. The Greeks are most commonly attributed with the acceptance and spread of ass-fucking, and the development of it into a sexual art medium. Indian paintings on ivory, and Chinese paintings on silk both show the Oriental taste for this difficult but forgiving form of sex play.

Even the Vatican Popes and Disciples of the early Holy Roman Empire delighted in anal intercourse, as any history of the Borgias will reveal . . . in spite of their restrictive edicts against its practice among the common people. Corrupt, powerful and brutal, the Borgias still managed to give rise to da Vinci, Michelangelo, and eventually the Renaissance. Almost nothing in literature validates the criticisms that assfucking will cause warts, let alone cause

a man's penis to atrophy and fall off. Nothing but fear and misunderstanding has led us to believe that people who practice anal sex are 'perverted' or 'ill'. We think this series of articles, designed to eliminate and alleviate sexual inadequacy, will help you to thoroughly enjoy the multitude of experiences available to the experienced Hustler, if he only knows how to give his woman pleasure.

Hopefully, any aversion to anal intercourse that you may have will diminish both as you read this article and as you discover that there is nothing to fear from performing anal intercourse with a willing partner. Nevertheless, it will be wise to proceed with caution, as initial penetrations can cause some pain if made carelessly.

Anal intercourse is a good form of sex play to get into when both partners are relaxed. Often, it takes some concentration on the part of the woman to loosen her sphincter muscles — those muscles that control the opening and the closing of her asshole. If the sphincter muscles are relaxed, she will be more able to accommodate your penis.

If you are familiar with the practice of rimming, which is licking the circumference of the asshole, sucking it and pulling the tiny hairs that grow around it with your teeth, then you will have noticed that the anus—just as the vagina—secretes a fluid as excitement increases. This fluid will lend itself to lubricating the asshole prior to penetration. The amount of fluid varies, however, and it is wise to use other lubricants as well. Do not depend on the natural body fluids to help ease your erection into her hole.

Keep a supply of non-alcoholic lotion, K-Y Jelly, Vaseline, Kama Sutra ointment, or another lubricant at your bedside. Once you have determined that your lover will accept your wishes to fuck her ass, apply the lubricant to both your cock and to her hole. Penetrate her anus with your fingers to help her loosen up. It will help her to get used to feeling something inside of her. Something going inside of her from the outside, so she will not fight your entry. The sphincter muscles are used to being pushed outwards by the force of gas and turds, so this unusual feeling of something small like a finger will make it easier for her to accept your hard-on later.

It is also a good idea for you to instruct your lover to clear her bowels before you ball her. Generally, both partners will have bathed or showered, A man with a slender cock may be more well suited to engage in anal intercourse than a man with eight or ten inches.

and prepared themselves for sex play before going to make love. That is a good time to suggest she piss and shit. Such a preliminary sanitary caution is a regular part of the hygiene of couples who frequently engage in anal intercourse. It prevents shit on your cock. And in the event that your lover looses control, she will only have wind inside of her to let go. A good champagne enema will usually do the trick.

If engaged in at regular intervals, anal sex will cause some itching. Keep a tube of Preparation H handy to help eliminate symptoms. Always wash yourself with soap and water after performing anal intercourse. This will prevent infection from bacterial agents present in the colon, if you should go on later to regular intercourse. It will eliminate odors that may prove noxious to some people, though some women like the odor and taste of fecal matter on their Hustler lover's cock - especially when she knows it came from her ass. Washing with cold water will prevent the smell of shit that hot water picks up.

Many women are actually afraid of being fucked in the ass. They are familiar that when men are lustful they are difficult to control or to restrain in their zeal. Ass-fucking should never be conducted violently, especially at first, or your partner will end up with hemmorhoids that can cause serious infection, bleeding and intense pain. Go easily into her if you expect her to get off on the experience and want to share it with you again.

## THE PHILOSOPHER

My father, when he went, made my childhood a gift of half a century.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

In the event you want to discover more about anal intercourse than how it feels to push your cock into her asshole, buy a vibrator or a dildo. Familiarize yourself with the sensation of anal penetration similar to the one you will be giving your lover. Get a dildo the size of your own penis, or larger. Remember that most women are smaller than most men, and that the proportions of a dildo or a cock will vary from one partner to another.

Two positions which provide easy entry are: reclining with knees raised to the chest and the legs bent; or lying flat on your back with your legs raised over your head and toes on the floor at either side of your head. Reach around with the well lubricated dildo or vibrator and slowly guide it into your ass. If you have a willing woman partner, let her guide it for you so you can feel the difference between guiding it yourself and having it inserted by someone else. Stay relaxed. Tense your sphincter muscles to feel what it is like to close on the shaft. Once you have experienced the dildo or vibrator you will be better prepared to give your woman the pleasure she is looking for.

Anal stimulation is different in men and women primarily in this respect: men have a prostate gland which controls the flow of urine from the bladder. If the prostate is massaged by the end of a dildo, a vibrator (or for the very adventuresome, your best friend's cock), it can induce orgasm independently of any external stimulation. A vibrator can provide an unusual, enjoyable form of excitation because of its rapid motion, just as it provides women so much pleasure in masturbation. If the woman you are planning to give pleasure to through her 'back door', is watching you enter yourself with a dildo, she will likely be more willing to have you fuck her. She will see that anal intercourse need not be a painful experience. In this way, you will be helping her as you are helping yourself.

If you have been balling before your decision to have anal sex, and if your partner has had an orgasm, she will be looser and more ready to accept your cock up her ass. If you have climaxed, your cum will have seeped from her cunt and dripped down into the crack in her ass. This will provide more natural lubrication. If she at first refuses you, kiss her gently and assure her that you will go slowly and carefully into her. Let her guide you at her own pace.

The size of your cock and the size of the woman's asshole are dimensions that should be considered before finally fucking your partner's virgin ass. Women will be leery of letting in a man whose giant prick is likely to rip them apart . . . whose cock would not seem to possibly fit inside their tight little holes. A man with a slender cock may be more well suited to engage in anal intercourse than a man with eight or ten inches. Large cocks, however, need not always be in the way. Many women who have become accomplished at receiving cock in their asses will welcome a man whose cock is too huge for the novice.

Remind your lover that when she was fucked for the first time she was small and tight. Ask if it didn't hurt—that first time. And whether it didn't feel better — even euphoric — after a little while. Suggest that the initial discomfort will disappear after a few minutes. Help her to trust you and to feel easy with you. Massage her clitoris with your fingers. Rim her asshole. Suck at it until it becomes excited and loose and drips with fluids that permit you easier entry.

As you enter her, move slowly as we have mentioned above. You do not want to put your partner into fright or into shock. Do not begin to pump until you are quite certain she is thoroughly ready to accommodate the entire length of your cock without being injured. We have proof that even vegetable oil makes an excellent lubricant in these early stages of anal sex.

There are nearly as many suitable positions in anal sex as there are in regular intercourse. The most common positions are described in the paragraphs below. Any position you can perform in straight fucking should at least be tried during anal sex.

As was mentioned in last- month's article on Cunnilingus, fucking first in the ass then in the cunt can cause serious vaginal infections. They will lead to abnormal odor and discharge, as well as a source of constant discomfort to the woman. It is a good idea to use a lubricated rubber which can be pulled off after anal intercourse so that sex play can be continued in any number of other activities without jeopardizing the health of your lovers. If you do not use a rubber, wash yourself thoroughly before going back to fuck more. It is better to be safe than sorry, and the common desire of a woman to be alternately fucked in the ass and in the cunt is one most likely



to lead to infection and prolonged forced abstinence from sex play, altogether.

The dog position is an excellent one to begin with in teaching your woman to enjoy the pleasures of anal sex. Once you have brought her to orgasm, she will be more relaxed and able to take your cock. Ask her if she would rather

## THE PHILOSOPHER

What we pay for with our lives never costs too much.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

prepare herself for you by using a dildo or a vibrator to get her ass stretched to accommodate you. She will be able to control the dildo and it will make it easier for her to become accustomed to the size of a foreign object in her colon. Once she has indicated her readiness, instruct her to kneel down so that her ass is presented to you. It is best to have her spread her cheeks. Tell her to move her knees apart and lower the front part of her body to her elbows. In this way, she will be spread wider and entry can be conducted in a slow and patient manner (with lubricants).

Once inside of her, slowly move in and out a few times. Let her get used to the humping rhythm of your cock. Bend over her while you keep humping, and manipulate her clitoris between your fingers with one hand while the other massages her breasts. Kiss her back and shoulders and whisper to her the favorite words you share during sex to heighten your sexual experiences together. The combination of your cock in her ass, and her coming orgasm by the touch of your fingers on her clit and tits, will make her much more capable of accepting the speed which you will be picking up as you come nearer to your own orgasm.

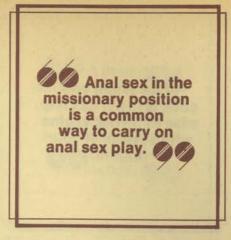


"Doctor! A Miss Lovelace to see you!"

Another soothing way to enter her, if she is willing, is to have her lay with her belly on a stack of pillows or cushions. This will raise her ass up higher than the rest of her body and will cause her less strain as she no longer is forced to hold herself up under your thrusts. Manipulating her clitoris should bring her to orgasm before too long and if you have followed the rules of foreplay, you will have given her much more pleasure than she would have expected. The amount of pleasure, in fact, she never thought she could discover in anal intercourse.

Anal sex in the missionary position is also a common way to carry on anal sex play. If you are through with regular intercourse for the session, or if you plan to wash yourself afterwards, you can go ahead and proceed with penetration from the missionary position with either yourself or your woman partner on top. If she is underneath, you can have her bring her legs up so that her knees are near your chest. This will make penetration easier. Use lotions that are nearby, to make sure your entering her will not cause her pain.

Many times a woman 'riding the peg' will take it upon herself to slide down



on your cock, letting the pull of gravity and the resistence of her asshole control the rate of penetration. Whereas, anal intercourse in the popular missionary position affords stimulation of the clitoris by the pubic mound at the base of your cock, this position and the 'dog-style' do not. You will have to manipulate the clitoris yourself, by hand, to insure that she is achieving maximum pleasure from this kind of intercourse with you.

When your cock is in her ass it is wise to fill her vagina with several of your fingers. Let her know they are in-

side of her by moving them in a circular motion so that in the arc of movement they rub against your cock. You will be able to feel this strange pleasurable sensation as your fingers and your hard-on meet - separated only by the membrane which divides her vagina and her colon. This should excite hernot hurt her. Be sure your fingers are clean and properly manicured (nails not too long or sharp). If you are skilled, you will be able to manipulate the clitoris with a free finger or thumb, so that with several fingers in her vagina, your cock in her ass, and your words in her ears, she will achieve the ecstasy that she seeks from you to be released from all pain and tension.

Anal intercourse has been, and continues to be, an acceptable form of sexual behavior in spite of the social and religious stigmas and objections relative to its practice. As you become familiar with its practice, you and your partners will probably find more positions and more sex aids than we have mentioned in this article. If you should run across something that you think will interest other readers, please give us your ideas and comments for us to share with others.

None of us invented sex. Sex has been going on for thousands of years in hundreds of forms. HUSTLER is proud to be spearheading a contemporary movement towards educating and liberating a public which has unjustly been kept unaware of too much for too long.

We believe that all forms of sexual behavior between consenting adults are permissible. For that reason, we have chosen to explore anal sex as an interesting and integral part of the well-rounded individual's list of sexual activities. The alternatives to the ordinary that any Hustler can turn-on to at any point during sex play.

We want you to be able to provide your women with the greatest degrees of pleasure possible. In this way you will feel as sound and capable of performing to her satisfaction as to your own.

Next: Fetishes: Fire and Water



## THE PHILOSOPHER

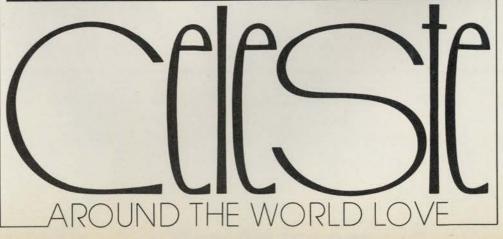
You think you are killing me. I think you are committing suicide.

I found the whole of my first world in my meager bread.

ANTONIO PORCHIA



Photos — Nippy Phillips



he Latin meaning for Celeste is "heavenly." And the same goes in French, Greek or wherever this enchanting lass takes you through her exquisite charms. To her, any and all body contact is a turn-on – penetration to the hilt, massage to the toes, nibbles to her lips and a kiss wherever it goes.







round the world is not far away with this adventurer.
She will take you in one passageway and out another, letting you explore her every opening along the way, and loving every blissful moment of it. "I love to be totally and completely filled up. I don't like any of me going to waste."

Front and back doors are always wide open and welcome to visitors. Stay as long as you wish—in fact, the longer the better.







## by Wendy Greenfield The barren December sea surrendered our Boeing jumbo jet to darkening skies. Trembling in silence, I wondered while the huge steel bullet shot into the sky

The barren December sea surrendered our Boeing jumbo jet to darkening skies. Trembling in silence, I wondered while the huge steel bullet shot into the sky, how many planes had fallen through misty nights to splinter in flames on the freezing waves. How many hysterical men and women and children screamed and flailed hopelessly in darkness while blind ships searched for lost victims.

Well, the crew appeared confident, amiable. But that's their job. They're paid to endure these terrifying leaps from earth to sky and back. This must excite them; give them a sensual thrill that awakens the feeling of life in them on every trip.



I know that feeling; from snow skiing and, of course, from love making.

I felt no disappointment when the Muzak was turned off. The pilot must have turned the volume up or the system on when we were taxiing on the runway. No music was playing when the plane was standing still. Would my psychology professors declare this subtle pre-flight conditioning obscene?

A loudspeaker crackled in some hidden corner of the cabin. The 'no smoking' and 'please fasten seat belt' signs went black. The masculine command voice of the unknown pilot broke the sudden silence.

"This is your captain speaking. . . ."

That was all the captain's message I remember hearing. I turned my head to the window. My gaze was captured in the prismatic colors of a distant horizon where the setting sun was burning an airy wasteland. The first euphoric discovery of air travel had flashed through me in a light, visual orgasm. I watched the tops of the cottony clouds turn to fire. They reminded me of the powdery snowfields I used to race across. The utterly seductive display as we climbed higher into the sky almost made me forget these were not snowfields I could walk on.

Winter aboard a liner in the north Atlantic is both difficult and slow. Tedious, isolated ships with cramped quarters and predictable companions had made me decide to change my travel plans at the last minute. The twelve week sabbatical I was taking had been reduced to six weeks. Hardly sufficient time to accomplish the journey by sea and make anything of my short working vacation, anyway.

I didn't like the idea of flying, but time overruled my fears. Already I was becoming more relaxed and willing to take advantage of the entertainments available on intercontinental passenger flights. Our destination, Athens, Greece, was several hours and several thousand miles away.

The trembling in my hands subsided. The queasiness during take-off was gone. Outside the window the Milky Way and points of several constellations made their watchful circuits over the earth. Gravity no longer seemed a power with which to reckon. I could not get off the plane. Nor did I expect it to go streaking down. At least until we landed.

Multi-lingual stewards and steward-

66 I could feel
(Paul's cum) seeping
from between the lips
of my pussy.

esses were taking orders for drinks and refreshments. Dinner would be served in due course. Meanwhile, there were magazines to read, music to listen to if one cared to purchase headphones for a mere \$3. Later in flight there would be movies requiring the same cheap plastic listening apparatus to hear the latest Hollywood dialogue, some of which was good. The video was free.

Paul's semen was beginning its slow descent down the walls of my vagina. I could feel it seeping from between the lips of my pussy. My panties were getting damp. Soon the spot would be sopping wet. If he had deposited his usual volume of sperm eight inches inside of me, the drain would continue for hours.

Trying not to be discovered, I slid a hand down inside my slacks and felt the mixture of Paul and me as it coated my labia. The smell always lasted longer when I didn't douche. Time had passed quickly and we went from bed to the airport. Closing my eyes and smelling my fingers, I went into a reverie of those minutes of orgasm a few hours before. How long before I would have another orgasm like that one, I wondered. I wanted to taste my fingers, but I decided not to. Instead, I chose to go to the ladies' room and get as much of the liquid out of me as I could. It was going to be a long flight and I didn't want the increasing discomfort of wet pants annoying me.

I stood up carefully, ignorant of how easy it was to walk on a plane during flight. I made my way down the aisle to the rear of the jet where the ladies' toilet was located. In some of the passengers' eyes I detected the slowly vanishing fear we had shared during take-off. It made me feel more calm

### THE PHILOSOPHER

I began my comedy as its only actor, and I come to the end of it as its only spectator.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

and sure of myself to know I was not alone in my peculiar temerity.

The plane was not filled to capacity and I was glad no one was sitting in either of the two seats next to me. I would be able to stretch out later and sleep undisturbed, without bothering anyone else.

A steward came toward me in the aisle way. He wanted my order for cocktails or wine. He looked at me like he may have wanted more. I was amused that he could be so forward and friendly. Were stewardesses really as easy as films and books made them out to be? Then, after all, we were all going to be together for some time. Might as well get to know one another.

He leaned against the back of an aisle seat to let me by. I turned sideways and as I did so he stepped towards me turning to continue his way along the aisle taking orders. His shoulder brusquely touched the nipple of my right breast. I was still sensitive from Paul's kisses. The nipple was so tactile it came to a sharp little bud rising up through the fabric of my jersey sweater.

I wondered as I continued on my way to the ladies' room if the steward had planned what he had done. Regardless, it was giving me an odd, pleasurable sensation.

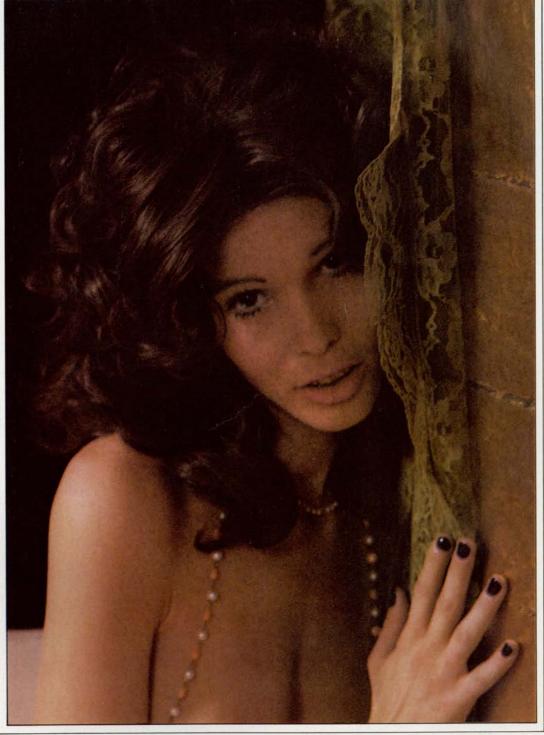
I went into the restroom. I was glad for that bit of privacy away from so many watchful eyes. I wiped Paul's and my come away and twirled the hairs of my cunt as I worked the muscles of my vagina trying to make more of the mixture fall free. I cleared what I could without a douche and inserted a tampon to soak up a little more. The tampon felt good going in. Once inside, I couldn't really feel very much. I pulled out the mushy cotton cylinder and deposited it in a waste receptacle especially made for those little things.

Satisfied I'd done what I could do to avoid wetness, I sat in front of the mirror and got acquainted with the real me who was on her first real plane ride.

Paul was fading from my memory almost as fast as we were traveling away from the United States. I was still strangely aware of the brush I'd had with the steward. I began to get turned on thinking about the sex I had been able to have so frequently aboard ship, simply because there was always somewhere to go to get away from it all. Small places, but adequate for adventure and satisfaction.

continued on page 90

## THERESE



"GRASS DON'T GROW ON A RACETRACK"

Photos — Bernard



I shave my cunt because I like the way it feels. I like a man to go down on me who hasn't shaved his face for a day or two. Not only does it turn me on when he scratches the insides of my thighs, but the rash on my tits after he's sucked my nipples usually lasts long after we've stopped making love.

I know it turns a lot of guys on, too. Not all of them. But I can't please everyone. The project of shaving is fun to share, too. Men who had sisters growing up with them, and who can remember their sisters' bare pussies are the ones who seem to get off most by shaving me.

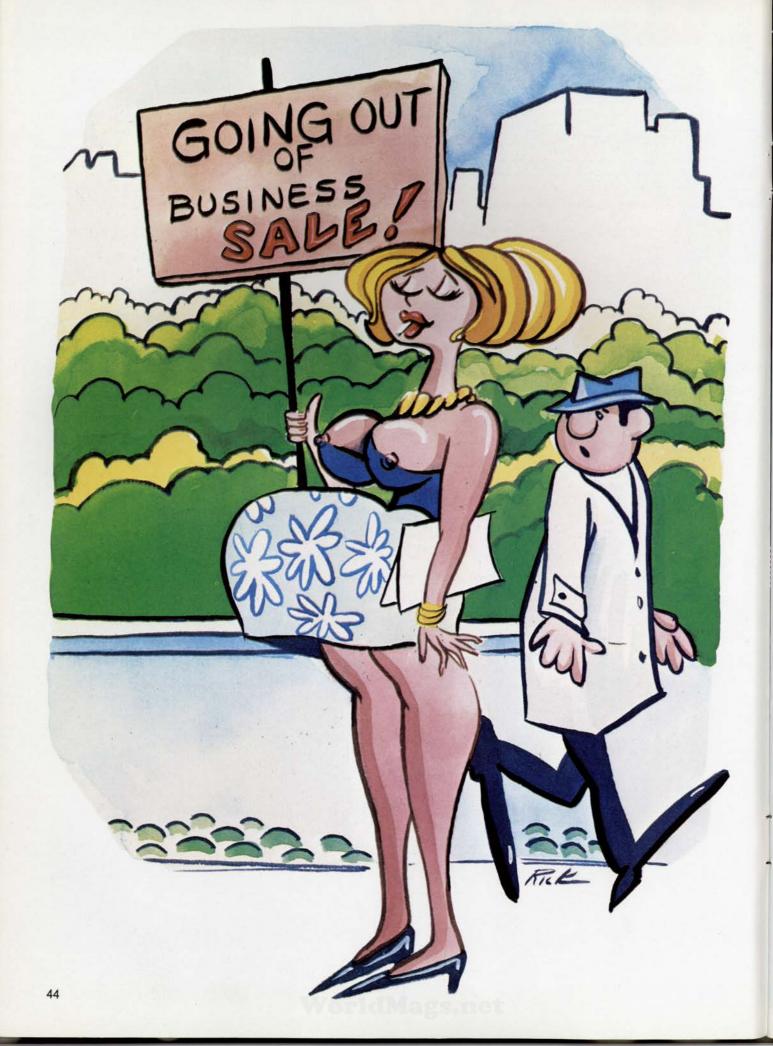


These days there are several companies marketing salves and various creams which make having a bare cunt easier than shaving. Creams I can just spread over me once a week, and presto! It's like using Scott weed killer on your lawn.

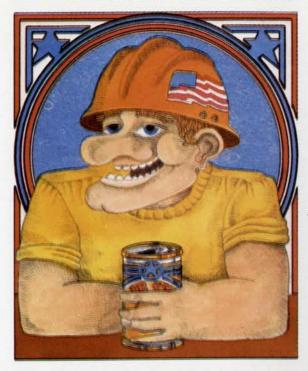
Smooth as a golf green.







### **HUSTLER HUMOR**



Our HUSTLER Dictionary defines violation of the First Amendment as Adam's seduction of Eve.

A tall, rather despondant looking man walked into a cocktail lounge, approached the bar and ordered a double straight shot. The bartender poured the drink and the man downed it all in a gulp and asked for another. Again the drink was gone in a single tip of the glass and another drink ordered. As the bartender poured the third drink, he said, "You're hitting it kind of hard, aren't you?"

"Yes," said the man, downing the drink. "Give me another."

"What are you trying to do, drink yourself to death?" asked the bartender as he poured still another double.

"You got it," was the reply as the drink disappeared. "Give me another one."

"What," asked the bartender, pouring, "is the matter that you want to drink yourself to death?"

"Well," said the man, drinking, "I'm a musician. A composer, really, and I've written over two hundred songs. But nobody has even bought

## ...and if you think that's funny...

Complete deflation of the Male Ego is when you are in the bathroom after sex and hear your sex partner start her vibrator to finish the job you started.

One day while making his rounds through the jungle, Tarzan came across a young lady.

"What your name?" asked Tarzan.

"Jane," said the lady.

"What you whole name?" he inquired.

"Cunt," replied Jane.

While sightseeing on an Indian reservation, a young man was approached by a shapely Cherokee maiden who made a familiar proposition — for \$50.

"Well," said the traveler, taking in the seductive peaks and valleys of her body, "that's a lot of money. It only cost \$24 to buy all of Manhattan Island."

"Yes," the maiden whispered, "but Manhattan Island just lays there."

**S**ophie, our sexy secretary, says she lost her last job because of illness — the owner's wife got sick of her.

one. Nobody ever even wanted to rent one. Give me another drink."

"I'm a pretty good judge of music," said the bartender. "And I've got a piano right over there. Why don't you lay one on me and I'll tell you if it's any good."

"Okay, you bring me another drink and I'll do it," said the man.

The sounds of the most beautiful love ballad soon filled the lounge. It was so beautiful that everyone stopped talking, drinking and even smoking as they listened to the song. As the last note sounded, they gave him a standing ovation. As the noise subsided, the bartender said, "That's the most beautiful song I've ever heard."

"Thanks," said the man. "It's one of the first ones I wrote. Some of the others are a lot better."

"I can't understand," said the bartender, "why no one would buy it. What do you call it?"

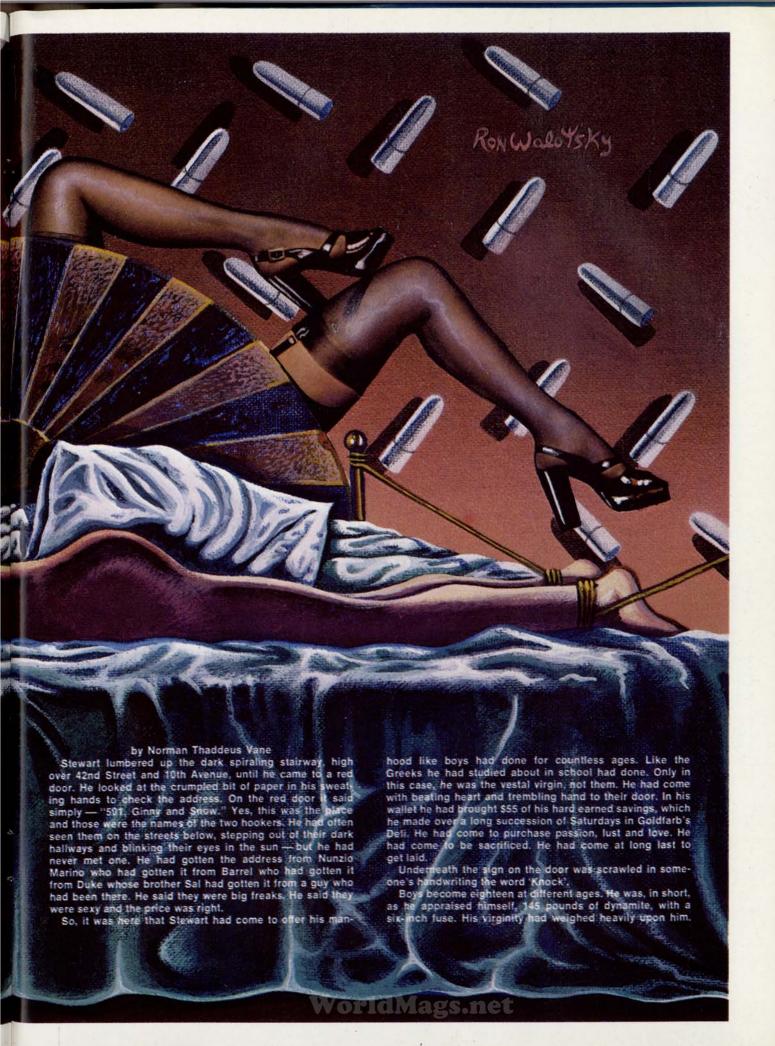
"Let me see," said the man, thinking, "That one is I love you so fucking much I could shit."

Got a gag? HUSTLER pays Ten Bucks for every one we choke on. Send to: Hustler Humor, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215. Jokes become the property of HUSTLER and will not be returned.

# GINIS SINGS

WastdMage not

46



Especially during the last six months in which he had given in totally to frantic and frenetic masturbation. In toilet and bedroom incessantly, not to mention every porno cinema along 42nd Street.

His father had caught him and cautioned — "Listen, Stewie, if you don't stop abusing it, you'll become an idiot." But Stewart could not stop. His face broke out in pimples, his wrists developed strain, his fingers acquired a curious set of callouses, but on and on he went. He was obsessed.

Only once with a girl had he really come close - and he had disgraced himself. It was on the landing of the third floor of his family's apartment building and Nancy O'Meara had never forgiven him. It happened on the rug just outside the Osterman's door. There she lay, legs wide apart and sweating, a smile on her face, daring him, inviting him, teasing him, challenging him - her black pubes glistening in the hall light, the lips of her snatch winking at him, mockingly. Stewart panicked. He stumbled about like a half-wit trying to get his pants off, but only managed to extricate one leg. With one shoe on and one shoe off, he fell on her, his throbbing penis plunging right into her belt buckle. He groped one hand straight up to her flopping left breast. It was big, it was ripe, it was full. He had 'got tit' on the first date.

His shirt was twisted half off, like her dress. Buttons - hers and his - were strewn everywhere. He was about to score. It was his moment of truth. He had seen it a hundred times in porno films. Should he go for the mouth like she was Linda Lovelace? No. he thought, he would go straight for the cooze. She grabbed the head of his weapon, pulling it towards her, aiming it. Talk about eager! Well, they didn't call her the 'scourge of 63rd Street' for nothing. Just one inch more and he was home — and then it happened. On the very threshold of victory - he exploded. All over her nice, new dress. In spurts — quarts of the stuff — a week of abstinence in anticipation of this night, all wasted.

He didn't really need her to add insult to injury — "Oh, wow, what a hair trigger — you big Schmuck!"

Later, as Stewart retold the story to the gang, he made her insult sound like a big compliment. "What did she say?", they all wanted to know. "She said I had a big Schmuck." They all roared and slapped him on the back. But in his heart, Stewart knew he was still untouched by woman. But that was why he stood before the red door.

He knocked. Almost immediately the door was yanked open and a big, blowsey, bleached blonde in her early thirties in a half-open, green robe, with egg spots on it stuck her head out. She took one glance at him and yelled — "You'll have to wait ten minutes, kid. Sit on the stairs!" Then she slammed the door.

Five minutes later, a small Chinese gentleman slunk out and fluttered down the stairs. A toilet flushed. Voices were heard inside and the door opened again. This time the big blonde yelled, "Next!" He went in like a sheep to the slaughter.

The big blonde was Snow; her partner in crime, Ginny. She wore a tightly fitted, blue see-through dress, under

He groped one hand straight up to her flopping left breast. It was big. It was ripe. It was full. He had 'got tit' on the first date.

which, indiscreetly, was revealed every curve of her body, the nipples on her huge breasts and even the black tangle of forest between her legs. She chewed gum, filed her nails and nervously kicked one red slipper on her bare foot. Her toenails were painted black. Black!

Snow brushed her hair and put on lipstick, as she looked at him out of a wall mirror that ran completely along the side of the circular water bed. Their litter was everywhere - stockings, bras, dresses floated like colorful flags from chrome chairs and glass tables or lay on the floor where they had been hurriedly dropped. Two red lights burned despite the fact it was day outside. In here, it was always night. Music blared from the stereo, a TV reflected an endless soap opera, the large glass ashtrays still brimmed with last week's cigarette and cigar butts. The air was thick with a pungent, erotic incense

### THE PHILOSOPHER

You will find the distance that separates you from them, by joining them.

ANTONIO PORCHIA which burned from a leering dime store Buddha.

It was not exactly what he expected — and hardly what he had hoped for. His virginity should at least have been sacrificed in a luxurious apartment. Visions of porn movies danced in his brain. He was jolted back to reality with a thud.

Ginny laid it right on the line. "It's a quarter for a short time with one of us. Take your pick." A quarter, even he knew, was in the language of the streets twenty-five bucks. "Or," Snow piped in — "a half for both of us for a short time, the cherce is yours."

He stared at them both, trying to rapidly compute the mathematics of it all. "I think I can only handle one," he finally admitted. Something clicked in Snow's mind. Professional instinct. "Listen, kid, tell me — is this your first time?"

Stewart wouldn't admit it, but his looks did. "Hey, Ginny, guess what — we got a virgin on our hands!"

He sat there tongue-tied, steeped in his shame. Something in him said run, but something in him said stay. Snow winked at him, her hand on her knee. "Did your friend tell you about our specialty — S and M?"

He looked confused. Ginny tried to help him, "Sadey and Maisey, right?"

"We do French, Greek and English. French is head, Greek is up the rear and English is leather."

"Leather?"

"Whips and ropes. We're dominant, dig? Didn't you ever see our ads in Screw Magazine?"

It wasn't what Stewart had in mind. "I just want to get laid." He opened his wallet and took out a crumpled two tens and a five. Snow peeked over his shoulder and saw there was more. She signalled to Ginny with a wave of her two inch eyelashes.

"Tell y' what, let's have a real party. For a halfa C-note, we'll give you the works. Both of us. Including head and boffing."

"We'll each give you a trip around the world."

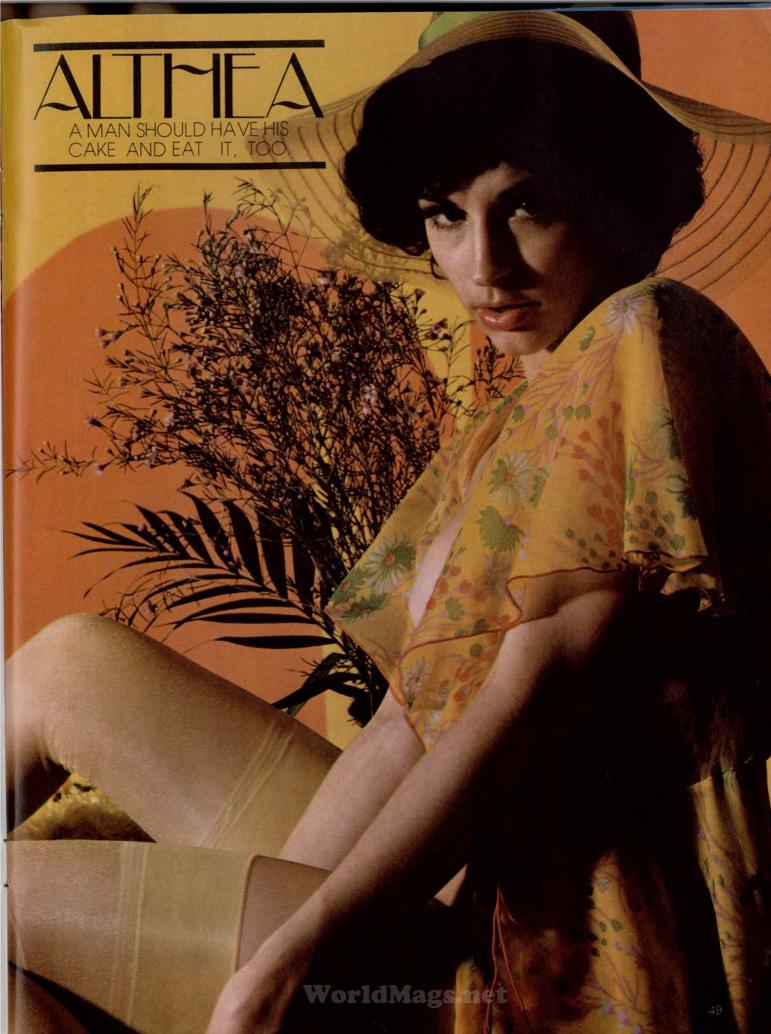
"What's that?"

"Tonguing the whole body, y' know?"

By now Snow was sitting in his lap. She took his hand and inserted his fingers into her wet opening. Immediately, his pecker stood proudly erect. Proud to be six inches and Jewish.

"Including vibrator."

continued on page 94





The lovely Althea Leasure, this month's centerfold poster girl, is also the fiancée of Publisher Larry Flynt. Althea has been around since the birth of HUSTLER and has been an instrumental figure in its

In addition to being HUSTLER's Assistant Publisher, she is Vice-President of Mini Clubs and plays a vital role in the operations of both entities.

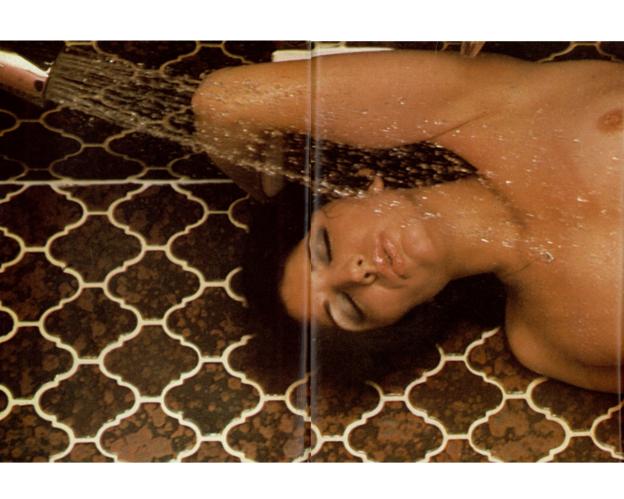
She is a true Scorpio woman, she loves sex and according to her, she lives up to her sign. When asked how she manages to hang on to a man such as Larry Flynt, her explanation was, "It's his world. I'm just living in it. I think I understand men better than most women. I let him have his cake and eat it, too. I think this is a mistake most women make, by being too jealous and possessive. I'm able to completely separate sex and love. I feel men need more variety than women and.until women accept this and learn to live with it, they will never truly be happy with any man.

Photos - Tony Currin

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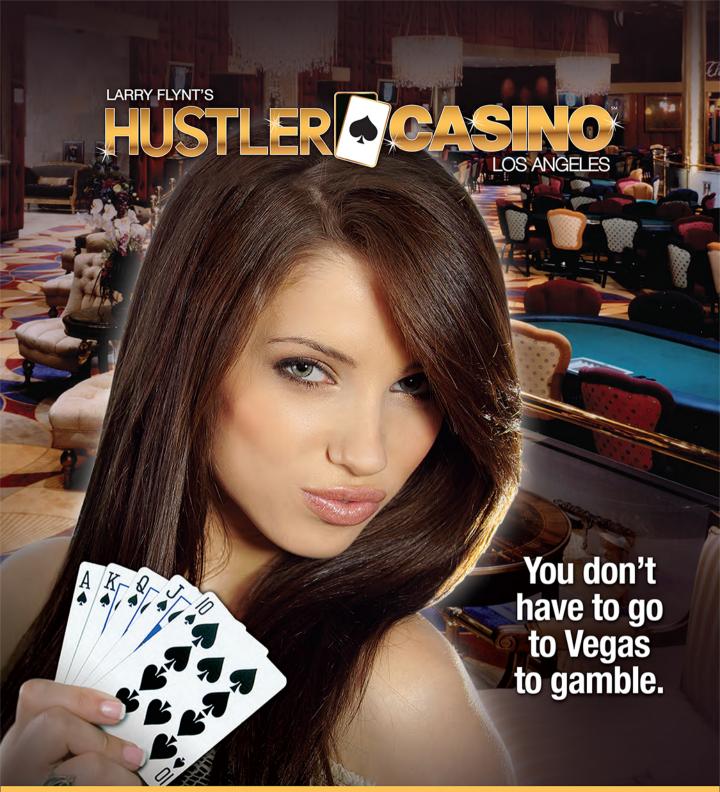










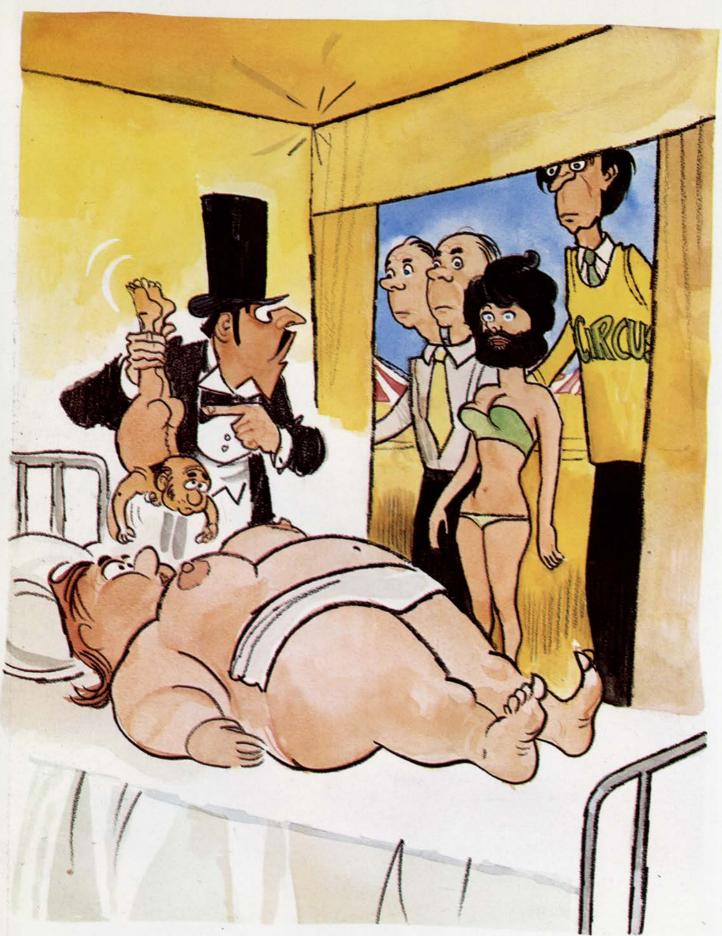


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"False alarm, folks, the fat lady wasn't pregnant after all. The midget was making love to her last fall and fell in."



## NONEU OF The YEAR









Fair-haired Patti graced the pages of the December HUSTLER. She was born in Tokyo into an American military family, and spent most of her growing-up years in the Orient. She has lived intimately with the characteristic peace and patience of our Chinese and Japanese neighbors, and there developed a neighbors, and there developed a deep respect and admiration for nature and the opposing forces of yin and yang.

In her own way, Patti brought these attributes with her when she moved from the East to the Midmoved from the East to the Mid-western United States. Fortunately for us, and for our readers, we were able to capture her in HUSTLER's pages. And so successful was her debut, that HUSTLER elected her to be their Honey of the Year. Patti is still living in the Midwest. We think she looks the part of Honey. And we wish her continued success with her modeling career in the future.

the future.







JUNO-Juno appeared in the September, 1974, issue of HUSTLER. We received such an overwhelming response to her shaved pussy that she became our Subscription Ad Honey. Juno was photographed in Columbus by our staff photographer. She is now living and working in Chicago, where she has gone on to professional modeling.



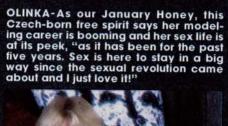
LORRAINE-A former Cleveland Hustler Club Hostess, she has since gone on to pursue a modeling career in New York attributing her November feature to her success.



KIMU-Beautiful with her dark sensuousness, Kimu graced our January issue. Her American Indian heritage is precious to her and could possibly be a heavy influence in her desire for sex in the wide open spaces and under the starry skies.



ANNE-A Victorian queen reincarnate, this January feature girl's inherent interest in antiques and the castle in which she resides gives her a mystic air.



JOEY-Another January lovely, but definitely more than just a pretty face, Joey's assets are super abundant and will please any man...or men.









MARCIA Our February Honey bides most of her time entertaining customers at the Columbus Hustler Club. She admits to being "pretty straight," and enjoying only straight all-American sex. Her special "hang-up," as she puts it, is her fetish for big hats and what you can do under



GYPSY-Moving around the country and placing spells on unsuspecting characters has been a way of life since this travelling witch's birth. Fortunately, for us, she stopped long enough to be captured forever in our February issue.



BRIGITTE-After appearing as a March feature, Brigitte's collection of animal pictures from similarly interested en-thusiasts has more than doubled. "I think animals are really exciting; definitely a pleasant change of pace to straight

LOLITA-Satisfying both appetities — for sex and food — is a natural to our April covergirl and Honey of that month. Chocolate sauce with a banana is her special treat, though, sweets of any as-sortment and color makes her mouth water.

JARA-A most curvaceous April beauty, her mountains and valleys provide many hours of exploration fun for the lucky guy. Her hang-ups are men and size, preferably both together — very big men



CHLOE-Returning to our Review from the June, 1975 HUSTLER, she's one of hundreds of beautiful Honeys working in the Hustler Clubs, and an expert at serving. Among Chloe's favorite pasttimes are showers, baths and amusing her lovers with delightful water parts. with delightful water sports.







### **HUSTLER INTERVIEW**

## WITH HUSTLER EDITOR AND PUBLISHER LARRY C. FLYNT

by Chris Paul with Michael Foldes

Larry Flynt grew up fast. He left home at the soft age of 13, and a hard year later managed his way into the U.S. Army. Two years later with his term served, he joined the Navy and spent the next four years making more money as a Seaman than the service pays its Admirals. By the time Flynt was 21 he had been married and divorced twice and had filed bankruptcy once.

The inauspicious beginnings were just what the young man Larry Flynt needed to complete his Horatio Alger-type story. Since then he has developed into the dynamic force behind a successful nightclub chain and HUSTLER, now the fastest growing men's publication in the world.

In 1967, when the first Hustler Club (named for Elizabeth Hustler, the inventor of the cocktail) opened in Dayton, he had already owned or operated nearly thirty nightclubs. His concept for Hustler Clubs was different. Pretty bikini-clad dancers sit with customers, converse intelligently, and generally create a relaxed and attractive atmosphere. He operates eight clubs in Ohio and is now selling franchises all over the country.

This month's interview with HUSTLER's Editor and Publisher, Larry C. Flynt, resulted from a series of informal conversations with him about just what it is that HUSTLER gives its readers that other men's magazines won't, don't or just plain can't. Flynt was candid and honest in these rap sessions (a characteristic trait he believes is integral to HUSTLER's success), open to conversation of every sort—not just those encompassing specific elements of the publishing game—and earnest about selling an "idea whose time has come."

Overall, those digressions always moved back to work — not a four-letter-word, but one which spells Hustle. And work to him is putting out the finest men's magazine in the world. One that caters to its readers' tastes, sensibilities, whims and desires. "Something," he claims, "our competitors have yet to regard or to achieve."

Controversial since its inception, HUS-TLER has become a best-seller wherever it appears on the newsstands. It has also managed to incense, outrage, shock and then even appeal to readers from Maine to California, from Canada to France, and from Florida to Australia. In spite of impending censorship in local areas, HUSTLER is getting into more hands and onto more stands then ever; and it appears from positive reader, retailer, and wholesaler responses that the end of this phenomenal growth pattern is not in sight.

Sex is one of the most important things in life to Flynt. "Some of my critics might say I'm promiscuous," he says in his interview, "but I wouldn't change that for anything or anyone." He is a light drinker. He spends little time in his clubs ("operations is enough") except to entertain friends and business acquaintances. He never uses drugs, ("I was into them for a little while about five years ago and I could only see that if I kept it up, they would destroy me and what I'd worked all my life to get.") But his love for food makes up for anything he might be missing in any other area. Welldone steaks, trog legs, and a variety of seafood make up an almost steady diet, along with glasses of iced tea, endless cups of black coffee, and soda water while others drink cocktails.

"My tastes are simple," he says, not referring just to food, "I like the best." And it shows in his selections of vintage French wines when he and his friends dine.

In conducting the interview we had a



"Freedom of choice is guaranteed to us by the First Amendment. People should not be able to tell anyone what they can do with their personal lives... what they might read, see or do, as long as it does not harm another person."



"The unique thing about HUSTLER and what makes it different from the other magazines is that we respond to what the people are rather than what we think they are. We're not trying to cram our philosophy down our readers' throats."



"Hustler to me means a man on the go, a man trying to accomplish something. Instead of milling around he's really out there doing it. Whether it be in his personal life or his work, if he's consistent and aggressive I consider him a Hustler."

notion from both letters and calls of the most-oft-asked questions readers wanted answered. "What about HUSTLER? Its publisher? His attitudes, personal likes and dislikes, fetishes, involvements with women and especially relations with his models. We went on to ask the HUSTLER staff to make up questions they wanted answered, whether they worked directly or indirectly with Larry Flynt on the magazine.

We contacted Chris Paul, a well-known Columbus radio and television broadcaster, who agreed to survey the written questions, make order of them, and go on to a more formal, taped session. Paul's one condition—that he could "ask all" to elicit straight answers about HUSTLER from its most ardent fan—Larry C. Flynt.

**HUSTLER:** Who is Larry Flynt and why is he the publisher of a men's magazine?

FLYNT: I guess you could say I'm somewhat of a capitalist. I believe in free enterprise. I happened to get into the publishing business quite by accident. HUSTLER started out as a regional newsletter for the Hustler Clubs I operate. People suggested I publish it nationally, but I had many reservations. Because I'd had little formal education, I wasn't a writer and I knew absolutely nothing about the technical aspects of producing a magazine.

**HUSTLER:** I understand you left home at an early age and your accomplishments are somewhat of a Horatio Alger story, is that true?

**FLYNT:** I guess you could say that. I ran away from home when I was thirteen, and picked blackberries for fifty cents a gallon to get money for a bus ticket to leave town. Since then I have always been on my own.

put HUSTLER out for \$50,000 less per month than we can today.

I'm the type of guy who doesn't like to start something and not finish it. I wasn't going to back down on HUSTLER. Naturally, I had faith in its potential. I wouldn't gamble on stupid odds. The opportunity was there and I'm proving it was the right decision at the right time.

**HUSTLER:** It took *Playboy* publisher Hugh Hefner twenty years to be interviewed in his own magazine. Why are you doing this interview in your First Anniversary Issue?

FLYNT: For a combination of reasons. The American people love a hero. They're for the underdog and right now HUSTLER is the underdog. Playboy and Penthouse have made it. Let's face it - we're the only significant challenge. The readers of magazines like to relate to the publishers. They associate Hefner with Playboy and Guccione with Penthouse. We have also received a considerable amount of mail from people wanting to know more about HUSTLER and the man behind the magazine. We felt the Anniversary Issue would be an appropriate time to do this. Not twenty years from now. HUSTLER: Did you jack off and feel guilty about it before you got laid?

FLYNT: I jacked off, but I never felt guilty about it.

**HUSTLER:** The reason I'm asking you is that there are probably a lot of men or boys who might be tempted to pick this magazine up and use it as a stroke book. I was wondering if anything in your adolescence or your childhood might have led you to see the real need or the potential market for this subject matter.

FLYNT: I can understand you feeling that way. Playboy and Penthouse have been

reach around with a sharp razor and slit their throats.

**HUSTLER:** That's not the kind of person you are — or is it?

**FLYNT:** Of course not, but that's the kind of a person my critics think I am.

**HUSTLER:** Who are your critics?

**FLYNT:** The schizoid little old ladies wearing tennis shoes. You know — the hypocritical types who would gag at a gnat in public, but swallow an alligator in private. They are convinced that because of the magazine and the clubs that I am a total degenerate.

HUSTLER: Does this bother you?

FLYNT: Fuck 'em.

**HUSTLER:** Hustler is a word with many connotations. Are you a hustler and if so, why?

FLYNT: I think everybody who works to get ahead is a hustler. I want to get ahead, and my work demands most of my time. Many people were against the name when we decided to use it because it means different things in different places. For example, on the East Coast when you say hustler they automatically think of a hooker. But for guys on the go, who are really making it in their work or personal lives, hustler is a name they can relate to. If a guy goes at life in a consistent and aggressive manner, I consider him a hustler.

**HUSTLER:** Isn't it difficult publishing a national magazine from Columbus, Ohio?

**FLYNT:** Columbus, Ohio isn't known as one of the talent centers of the world, that's for sure, and most of our competitors do publish from the flesh centers, like Chicago, New York or L.A.

**HUSTLER:** Are you going to take HUSTLER out of its Midwest home?

**FLYNT:** I think eventually we will move our home offices to one of the cities I just mentioned. A city like L.A. would put us closer to the necessary creative sources.

**HUSTLER:** Did there have to be *Playboy* in the '50's and '60's, a *Penthouse* in the '60's and '70's for there to be a HUSTLER in the '70's and beyond?

**FLYNT:** Yes. HUSTLER might even be considered a little ahead of its time. Progress isn't made overnight. In the '30's it was Betty Grable's legs, in the '50's it was Marilyn Monroe's tits and in the '60's it was Guccione's pubic hair in *Penthouse*. Gucc's models' pubic hair, that is.

It depends on what the public will accept; what the public wants. Right now, the public wants more and HUSTLER gives it to them. **HUSTLER:** Is it the open pussy shots, as you call them, that sets HUSTLER apart or do you have something more to offer people than technicolor pussy?

FLYNT: That's part of it. There's no way I would say it's the sole reason for HUSTLER'S success. We have a very strong editorial package and our editorial material is just as down to earth as our girl features. It's relatively simple to imitate or duplicate someone's features, but it's very difficult to

6 By offering a means of participation, we get a certain amount of loyalty and recognition from our readers. That's important to a growing magazine.

I don't think that success should be measured by what a man achieves in life, but rather in terms of the obstacles he had to overcome to achieve this success.

Even the first issue of the new HUSTLER was not produced by me. I hired a man whom I considered to be a professional to do it. When I saw the first issue, I knew that if HUSTLER was going to be a competitive magazine in an oversaturated market, it would have to offer a great deal more; and more than that, it needed leadership. It was at that point I chose to get actively involved in HUSTLER. I didn't realize it was going to require the amount of capital it did. That was at the most severe point in the recession. Paper prices were skyrocketing. One year ago, we could have

known for years as one-handed books along with a string of other men's titles. I have never masturbated to my magazine or to any other men's magazines because I always seem to have access to the real thing.

**HUSTLER:** Do you have what could be considered hang-ups or fetishes?

FLYNT: I like to lay beneath a glass coffee table and watch my girl shit. It's not the turd coming out or the way that it plops down on the glass that turns me on, but the opening and the closing of the asshole. That's the reason turds are tapered on the ends — so the asshole doesn't slam shut.

I also have this fantasy about fucking ten-year-old paper boys in the ass and just when they're going to come, I want to duplicate their editorial package. That's why we aren't afraid of competition. We enjoy it — even thrive on it. Before publishing HUSTLER I thought the *Christian Science Monitor* was the only publication in the country that told the truth.

The thing that is going to make HUSTLER stand out is its honesty and integrity. We're not copping out like Penthouse and Playboy do. We're not going to let readers feel cheated the way men's magazines have in the past. They want to see more, not just in crotch shots but in the entire editorial package as well. In the early issues of HUSTLER we ran an ad called "Write Your Own Ticket," through which we gathered some personal data about our readers - what their preferences were in terms of photography, editorial content and so on. We found that people not only wanted to see sex, they wanted to read about it. The big two like to wrap their pictures in a nice editorial package of sports, travel, business, finance and that sort of thing. If people wanted to read about sports, they'd read Sports Illustrated. We're a men's magazine - entertainment for men in the areas of sex and I think we are doing a good job of it.

The truly unique thing about HUSTLER and what makes it different from the other magazines is that we respond to what the people are, rather than what we *think* they are. We're not trying to cram our philosophy down their throats.

**HUSTLER:** Have the Nixon Supreme Court obscenity decisions had a chilling effect on your magazine's content?

FLYNT: No. The basic theory in the Supreme Court decision was to give the local communities the opportunity to set their own standards. Well, community standards have changed. They've become more open. It's had a blanket effect across the country. HUSTLER: Is HUSTLER's sexual explicitness threatened anywhere by pending court action?

FLYNT: We have no court action pending, but we are constantly being exposed to censorship problems, especially in the Bible Belt. We have wholesalers who are reluctant to distribute HUSTLER in their territories for fear of prosecution and harrassment. Local dealers are in their own communities every day. They don't want to make unnecessary waves. Our brashness and our editorial direction definitely hasn't opened up the doors of distribution to us and distribution is the key to the success of any magazine. Anytime you are being revolutionary, especially in the area of sex, you will have a certain amount of problems. However, we abide by the Supreme Court guidelines on obscenity to the letter. No more and no less.

**HUSTLER:** Why don't you have hard-ons in your magazine?

**FLYNT:** It's not a cop-out if that's what you mean. The Court has laid down certain guidelines which don't include hard-ons. Whether we want to abide by them or not

is our decision. But if we want a magazine available to the general public, we have to stay within the rules. I'm saying that no matter how good a magazine we produce, if we cannot get it into the hands of the public, it isn't doing anyone any good.

**HUSTLER:** Do you anticipate difficulty in expanding your circulation in the next year or two of HUSTLER?

**FLYNT:** Yes and no. Getting into new markets, getting into the same stores that sell *Playboy, Penthouse, Oui* is difficult at times, but pressure from the reading public has and will continue to help. However, now that the wholesalers realize they have a profitmaker and not just another girlie magazine, it won't be long until we have saturated the market.

It's no secret that *TV Guide* and the men's magazines practically support both wholesalers and retail news outlets throughout America. They would like nothing more than to have another winner. Between *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, probably \$100,000,000 goes into the market annually.

**HUSTLER:** So money talks?

**FLYNT:** No, it screams! In the beginning, when *Penthouse* started, wholesalers were skeptical that another men's magazine would contribute very much. They thought it would hurt sales of *Playboy*, but it jacked the business altogether. Now you have *Gallery, Genesis* and dozens of other second-rate men's titles which are all contributing to the dollar volume.

Surveys indicate that people don't buy one particular magazine. They buy more than one and it seems no matter what the field, after a new magazine starts up, it always creates a market for similar, competitive magazines.

we'll continue to charge more. I think the readers understand — they don't seem to mind the extra quarter.

This month, due to the cost of printing our life-sized centerfold, we had to charge an extra quarter, making our cover price \$1.75. Still, readers are getting a four or five dollar poster for 25¢. It works out.

**HUSTLER:** What service does HUSTLER perform that many other men's mags don't — maybe in a more sophisticated, intellectual way?

FLYNT: Honesty. I use the word honesty because we try to show our girls as they really are. We don't paint them up or spend hours and hours air-brushing. As I said before, our readers prefer sex-oriented fiction and non-fiction over commonplace editorial content such as travel, sports, finance, business, etc. Not that these aren't important, we touch on them occasionally but it's not considered an integral part of the magazine.

We have several important features such as our HUSTLER "Porn Review." We're the first national magazine to offer an in-depth review of blue movies. There was a strong demand for the Porn Review because the so-called legitimate media stayed away from it. There are thousands of people getting ripped-off from coast to coast by going to see fifteen-minute versions of censored X-rated films that were once decent flicks. And paying five dollars for it, too.

Our new rating system and review will keep people from getting screwed.

**HUSTLER:** Speaking of *Screw*, Al Goldstein has been doing this for years.

**FLYNT:** Yes. Al's been doing it in *Screw*, but *Screw* has a limited circulation. Ninety percent of *Screw's* circulation is in New

### The thing that is going to make HUSTLER stand out is its honesty and integrity. We're not copping out like Penthouse and Playboy do.

**HUSTLER:** Have advertisers accepted HUSTLER'S image?

**FLYNT:** Not yet. That's one of the reasons *Penthouse* and *Playboy* don't go as far as the Supreme Court guidelines allow. They don't want to lose advertisers. That would mean millions of dollars to them. It might be personal preferences on the parts of the respective publishers, but I'm assuming it's for monetary reasons. If they get too kinky, they're going to lose advertisers.

HUSTLER started without big advertisers. That's the main reason we charge \$1.50 as opposed to the \$1.25 that most other magazines charge. Right now, we're making it without national advertisers and we're opening up a market that will soon be accepted by them. Until we have advertising support,

York because they've had so many censorship problems.

We're also doing other things to get reader participation. We invite readers to write in about their unusual sexual experiences. We pay them for manuscripts we decide to publish and we've set up a special "Kinky Korner" column to accommodate them.

Readers can relate more to HUSTLER. When they pick up *Playboy* it seems so institutionalized. And it is. By offering a means of participation, we get a certain amount of loyalty and recognition from our readers. That's important to a growing magazine.

The article we do on "Sex Play," to help people get more fulfillment from their sex

lives, isn't written by "Masters and Johnson" or anyone else from the medical profession. It's written by laymen who write about how to be a better lover. In other words, we tell it like it is. If they want to get into cunnilingus, if that's their trip, then here's how to do it right.

**HUSTLER:** Do you consider HUSTLER tasteless in some of the kinky things you do?

FLYNT: No. Maybe another way to put it is shock. You can create as much interest from the consumer with shock as you can from a sexual turn-on. The three basic elements that make up HUSTLER are sex, humor and shock. When we ran the Betty Ford cartoon, which showed Nelson Rockefeller and Gerry Ford cutting a brassiere in two to fight inflation, it didn't make points with a lot of people, but it did create the type of interest where people would say, "Did you see what they did?"

**HUSTLER:** Was the "World's Greatest Lover Contest" invented for shock effect?

FLYNT: No, it was just a good idea.

HUSTLER: Do you plan on winning it?
FLYNT: I'm not allowed to enter it and neither are members of the staff or their families. The contest came about when we were trying to promote our magazine. We had to let the media know we had a new magazine, but that didn't seem to be news — you know, big deal. All of a sudden it hit me — at 4:00 in the morning. We had to go in the back door. HUSTLER MAGAZINE IS GOING TO SPONSOR A CONTEST TO DISCOVER THE WORLD'S GREATEST MALE LOVER! We sent out news releases on it, the press picked it up and they played the hell out of it. That was news.

It becomes more fascinating the more you think about it. There have been contests for every conceivable event, from the Miss America pageant on down. We know to be a public event. We'd like to see it televised on Wide World of Sports.

**HUSTLER:** Are you serious about this? **FLYNT:** Yes.

HUSTLER: It's not a gimmick?

**FLYNT:** No. Word of honor. By mid-summer we will know who the World's Greatest Male Lover is. He'll be presented with a trophy, get a week's paid vacation in Acapulco with the HUSTLER Honey of the Year or any consenting girl of his choice.

**HUSTLER:** Would you say the same shock value holds true for the piece you had on the adolescent fantasy?

FLYNT: No. In addition to having more taboos placed on it than any other fantasy, the Lolita fantasy has been one of the biggest turn-ons in history. I think we're getting back to the basic question that confronts us, or any men's magazine that might be questionable, and that is the right of freedom of choice guaranteed to us by the First Amendment. People should be able to see, read and do with their personal lives as they wish, as long as it does not harm another person.

**HUSTLER:** How about harming society? FLYNT: Politicians and demagogues like to say that sexually explicit material corrupts the youth of our country. Yet, they lie, cheat and start unholy wars. Violence can harm society more than anything else I know; I don't think there are any statistics available that would substantiate an accusation that sexual permissiveness could in any way injure society. The real damage is done by raising our youth to believe that sex is bad, ugly and dirty. With all the taboos attached to it, it's no wonder we have the problems we have. Suddenly our young people find out that the greatest thing in life was taught to be bad in the beginning.

With all the taboos attached to (sex), it's no wonder we have all the problems we do. Suddenly our young people find out that the greatest thing in life was taught to be bad in the beginning.

who the Don Juan of yesterday was, but we don't know who the Don Juan is of today. The reason we decided to find the greatest male lover rather than female is because women only fall into two categories — good and better. Besides, stand them all on their heads and they look like sisters anyway. Seriously, men seem to be the ones who are lacking any time there is a deficiency in a sexual relationship. We felt this contest would make the American male more aware of his competitive spirit in the area of lovemaking.

**HUSTLER:** Can a participant bring his own cheering section?

FLYNT: We haven't decided yet if it's going

**HUSTLER:** What are you, politically speaking — a Republican or a Democrat?

FLYNT: I do politicians like I do horses — I just put a couple of dollars on each one and say, "Somebody win." They're all the same. I would like to think that some of the new breed of politicians going to Washington now and getting involved in local and state politics will do a better job. They were the dissenters of the '50's and '60's and I hope this change they advocated will play a major role in bringing some of it about.

**HUSTLER:** Well, if you are neither a Republican or Democrat, are you a Liberal or a Conservative?

FLYNT: I'm definitely a liberal.

**HUSTLER: Why?** 

FLYNT: Conservatives have too much of a tendency to compromise. Although it's not healthy to be a radical, very few effective programs ever came from a compromise. That's what's wrong with our government; it's become so God damned complacent, they think what was good for us 50 years ago is good for us today and by the time they see the need for change, it always comes too late. Some of the greatest economists of our time were predicting the energy crisis twenty years ago. They're just now trying to do something about it. That's the whole story of our government in a nut shell.

**HUSTLER:** If President Ford called you today and said, "Larry, I'll grant you one wish, one program, one decision, whatever," what would you tell him?

FLYNT: I would say, "Completely revise our foreign aid program and start worrying about America first." Nobody is going to look out for you like you're going to look out for yourself. I thing the whole world has made a whore out of us, ever since this country came into existence, The so-called cold war was a myth. The McCarthy days were all a big farce. I think unless we make these changes and become more of a democratic society that we're destined for, we can do nothing but move closer and closer to a socialistic form of government.

**HUSTLER:** I'll say this as delicately as I can, but I don't think I can. Are you a "Redneck?"

FLYNT: I don't wear white socks and drink Blue Ribbon, but I am from Kentucky.

**HUSTLER:** Hefner's empire is said to be worth about \$200,000,000. How much is the HUSTLER empire worth?

FLYNT: When you are looking at a privately owned company versus a publicly owned one, it's hard to place a fixed value on it. People think because you publish a national magazine, you're worth a lot of money. Times have been trying with HUSTLER and I've put everything into it. I live in a \$200 a month apartment and I draw \$200 a week salary. I have been since I started HUSTLER because I knew it was going to be rough. HUSTLER: You and your brother are the

FLYNT: Yes

sole owners then?

**HUSTLER:** Why couldn't someone just say that Larry Flynt is making a buck off of his clubs; making a buck off of his magazine and that he also has a pretty clever way of getting laid at the same time?

FLYNT: That's a great way of putting it because I can't think of many things in life that are more important to me than sex. I might be considered promiscuous by a lot of people, but I wouldn't change for anything or anyone. I like Larry Flynt, I enjoy being Larry Flynt.

HUSTLER: Playboy seems to link sex with some sort of upward mobility, or maybe



"I don't know why I can't be on top some time!"

the erotic with the intellect. HUSTLER doesn't seem to have any such linkage between sex and lofty ideals. Is the magazine directed at the men who will never have everything as opposed to the man who might?

FLYNT: People like to have dreams, but they want their dreams to be within the realm of possibility. Playboy created such a fantasy world that it became an impossibility except for a select few. Right now, HUSTLER is extremely successful at relating to the man on the street. New TV programs, especially the situation comedies, all relate to the average guy. Archie Bunker doesn't make \$30,000 a year, drive a Mercedes-Benz or work for IBM. He works on the loading docks.

Playboy likes to say that their average reader is a sophisticated, suburban male who makes \$16,000 to \$20,000 a year. We know that there are a lot of people out there who don't make that much, but who can still afford to buy HUSTLER. As a matter of fact, we'd rather have eight truck drivers buying HUSTLER than one college professor.

**HUSTLER:** So your format is intentional? FLYNT: Yes. But remember . . . professors

get off on pussy, too.

HUSTLER: You mentioned Archie Bunker. Would Archie read HUSTLER on the loading dock?

FLYNT: Yes, in a way he's typical of the man who would read HUSTLER. Readers are starting to realize that they were duped

by Playboy and Penthouse. Hefner with his bunnies and big black jet, his limousinesall created a fantasy world that was great for the guys in the '50's. But the '60's brought about change. HUSTLER portrays a different era, made when people started looking at themselves and really began wanting to be individuals.

HUSTLER: Is HUSTLER low-brow?

FLYNT: My lawyer recently commented on our cartoons by saying they seem to give HUSTLER a barnyard flair. To the low-brow and to the barnyard flair people, remember some of the best jokes come from the barnyard and it is reflected in our increased sales. Our basic philosophy is to appeal to readers for what they really are, rather than what we think they are. Guccione, on the other hand, was quoted as saying that Penthouse is an extension of his own attitudes. HUSTLER is run more in a democratic way. We get participation from the rest of our staff as well as from our readers.

HUSTLER: Are you a Johnny-come-lately to the porno scene?

FLYNT: First, I don't like the word porno. It's based on the word porne, which means prostitute or harlot. Sexually explicit is more to the point.

Besides, Hefner didn't invent sex. He just happened to be in the right place at the right time. We are too.

HUSTLER: Do you think Hugh Hefner could beat you at backgammon?

FLYNT: Probably, but I don't think he could beat me at fucking.

"Oh, for crying out loud, Alice!! . . . Leave her alone, it's only play money!!"

**HUSTLER:** Hefner estimates his readership at 26,000,000. Will HUSTLER ever get that

FLYNT: Three years from now, HUSTLER will be the number one men's magazine in the world. You can't sell Hefner short, but he's had his day. He created an empire and he has lived a life all of us dream about living. He's fifty years old now and in love. His head isn't into the magazine as much as it was in the beginning. He's no dummy, though. I think if he had wanted to go Guccione's route, he could have.

Again, he made the mistake of giving the readers his own philosophy rather than catering to them. Despite all this, you can't argue with success.

Another reason why HUSTLER will be number one is that I know my competition - who they are and how they think. Take Guccione, he's never had an original idea of his own. I understand the ticker tape that goes around the Chemical Building on New York's Time Square moves so fast Guccione stands on the curb and yells, "Too fast, too fast." He's a great copy cat; originality just isn't something he's known for.

He was going to call his magazine Playgirl until his attorneys advised him that might be an infringement; so he named it Penthouse, which is another name that Playboy is associated with through their "Penthouse Clubs", "Penthouse After Dark" and so forth. He didn't even change the name of "Forum" when he ripped it off from "Playboy Forum." Outside of blurred pubic hair and a few kinky letters on enemas and sex with amputees, what did he ever give the public? The rest of his editorial content is about as boring as a grasshopper's sex life.

HUSTLER: I take it you don't care much for Guccione as a man?

FLYNT: What do you mean! Why I could jack-off and shoot up a better man than he. HUSTLER: This is not the first time you have had unkind things to say about Guccione. Aren't you afraid he might knock you on your ass if the two of you should ever meet?

FLYNT: Why that spaghetti bending jerk he couldn't knock a sick whore off a pot.

HUSTLER: Considering HUSTLER'S success, do you expect other publications to follow suit?

FLYNT: They already have.

**HUSTLER:** Are you having a good time?

FLYNT: I'm having a great time.

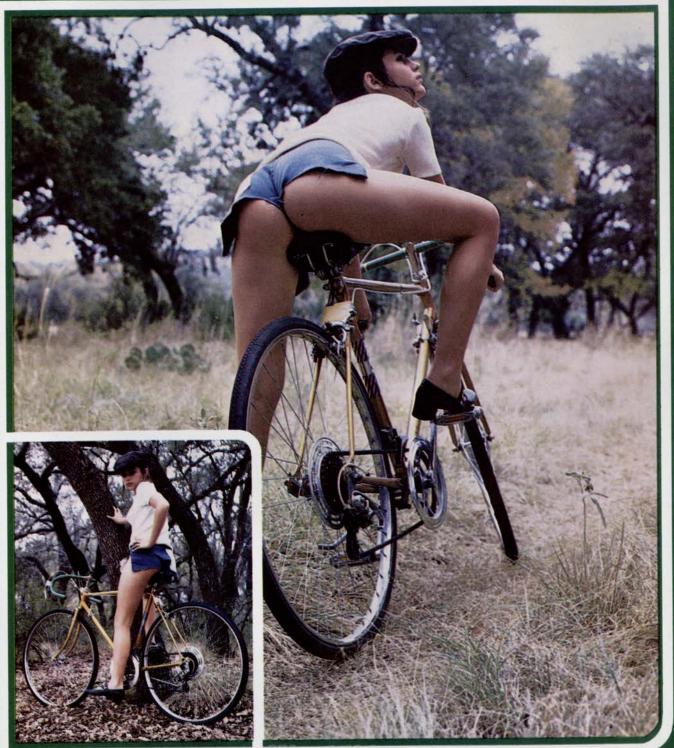
HUSTLER: The way you hustle, working around the clock and all, aren't you afraid you are going to die of a heart attack?

FLYNT: I'd say if I don't slow down, chances are good of going that way. But if I had my choice, I'd like to go when I'm 90 years old - stabbed in the back by a jealous husband.

HUSTLER: If there were going to be just a few words on your tombstone, what would you hope they would be?

FLYNT: I have lived!

## the farmers adolescent fantasy relived Caughter





Last February we surprised the most avid readers of men's magazines with a feature we called "Adolescent Fantasy."

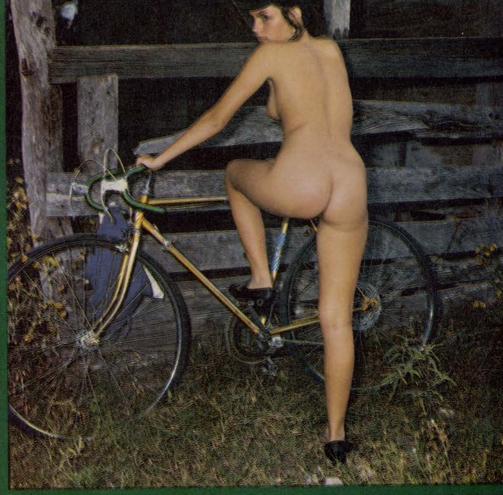
The response to it was so strong that we decided to come back in our Anniversary Issue with the same young girl. only this time she's alone, so don't be timid. Let your self go. Imagine your self =

"Walking down a country road. Your car is out of gas. Or maybe you're just out taking a walk in the smooth clear air on a weekend break from the city.

"There's a speck in the distance. It's coming closer, and when it's finally close enough to see, you discover it's a young girl on a bicycle, taking her usual morning ride for fun and exercise. She's the farmer's daughter. And she's been alone in the sticks for so long she doesn't feel any inhibitions about her nualty. Besides, it's a warm afternoon, and clothes just don't make it as the sun rises higher into the early moming sky.

"She leads you to a shaded barn, where she rests easy on a splintery board. She motions you to her and you move cautiously, caught off guard by so young a thing offering herself up in such an unusual, but natural setting.

"You eat her. You fuck her. She leaves. It was an adolescent fantasy relived."











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# KINKY KORNER

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning personal fact or fantasy in sexual encounters at home or abroad? Write it down and submit it to HUSTLER's new "Kinky Korner," the section written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each published story of approximately 2,500 words.

by Jack Arnold

I trembled with anticipation as I searched my pockets for the key to my postal box. I could see a small pink envelope with feminine handwriting through the window and couldn't wait to get at it. It had only been five torturous days since I answered that ad but it seemed like months.

As I opened the box, I could clearly see the ad before my eyes. "Male slave wanted by superior dominant couple. No experience necessary. Must be a true submissive willing to be trained in all aspects of service. Possible live-in for right person. Photo, phone and detailed letter required. Box 191, New York." I remember how excited I became as I read that ad and how I returned to it three or four times before deciding to answer. I had never done anything like this before although I had many fantasies of being in the complete power of a beautiful woman.

Now I would soon learn whether or not I would have the opportunity. With trembling hands, I opened the envelope and found a single sheet of engraved stationary with a short note written in a delicate handwriting. "Dear Slave, You are hereby commanded to appear at the above address precisely at 8 p.m. Wednesday evening. Do not be late!" It was simply signed, "Mistress & Master X." I swallowed hard as I realized that I was actually being summoned as a slave. Then, when I realized that it was Tuesday and I would have to be there in only one more day, the thought of forgetting the whole thing flashed through my mind.

All the way home, my mind tossed around the pros and cons of going

through with it, but the more I thought about it, the hornier I became. By the time I got home, my cock was oozing juice and when my wife greeted me at the door, I could have fucked her right there in the hallway. I pressed up against her and she felt my hard cock against her stomach. As usual, she wasn't in the mood and pulled away sharply with a nasty remark about my always wanting sex.

Later that night, lying in bed with that extremely desirable woman right alongside of me — completely nude — and completely untouchable, my thoughts again returned to what lay in store for me the following night. It seemed like hours before I finally fell asleep and my cock never got soft.

As I left the house in the morning, I casually mentioned that I wouldn't be home for dinner since an important client was in town and I probably would be home late. The day took forever to come to an end, but at long last, it was ten minutes to eight and I found myself in front of a very fashionable, well kept townhouse in the East 60's. Remembering the instructions, I waited until exactly eight p.m. and then, with a deep breath of anticipation, rang the doorbell. Almost immediately the door was opened by a very pretty young maid in uniform who told me to follow her before I even had a chance to say a word. She led me into what seemed to be the library and told me to wait for the Mistress. I looked around the room at the obvious taste and wealth that was apparent in the beautiful furnishings. Thick, luxurious carpeting; heavy brocaded drapes covering the floor to ceiling windows; the walls lined



with bookcases filled with deluxe and first editions; a Renoir painting over the fireplace.

As I gazed at the painting of a well rounded, sensuous nude, a sexy, feminine voice called my name and as I turned, my eyes beheld a vision of beauty and womanly grace. My heart leapt as I realized that this must be the woman who would soon own me. She had long, jet black hair cascading down her shoulders to her waist and framing an absolutely exquisite face. She wore a very tight fitting long black gown which was cut low exposing two gorgeous mounds almost to the nipples and revealed a tiny waist and well padded hips. She stood there looking at me from head to toe, not saying a word and I began to feel uncomfortable. Then she started to speak and told me that she had decided to see me because she felt my letter was sincere. She also said that, even though I was married, she felt that I was ready for training because of the things I had written in my letter. She told me that her name was Tanya but that I was always to address her as Mistress Tanya. She also put me somewhat at ease by mentioning that she was a firm - not cruel Mistress. She said that she did not believe in extreme pain or torture. but that fact should not make me careless since she could be very cruel if displeased. She told me that starting with that very moment, I would have to obey her every command, without guestion, or suffer the consequences of her wrath. She then said that if I learned well, she would make me her personal slave and allow me to serve her always. She asked me if I was ready to start and as I nodded my head in the affirmative, I saw all chances of escaping slowly departing. Then, all of a sudden. her sweet voice changed to a low, sexy growl and she told me to strip off all my clothes and prepare for a complete physical examination.

I felt embarrassed removing my clothes since the library door was fully open and anyone passing in the vestibule could see in. As I dropped my shorts on the chair and straightened up, completely nude, the maid walked in wearing nothing more than a pair of black bikini panties and a lace bra to match. She was carrying a silver tray covered with a silk napkin which she placed on the cocktail table in front of the couch. Tanya, that is, Mistress Tanya, sat on the couch, reclined on the pillows and told the maid, Mara, to

66 Mara...ran her fingers over my balls and cock while massaging my ass with her other hand.

begin. Mara walked to my side so as not to block her mistress' view and lightly ran her fingers over my balls and cock while massaging my ass with her other hand. Well, it didn't take very long before my cock was reaching for the ceiling and when it started to throb and jerk of its own accord, Mara took a silk tape measure from the tray and began to measure its length, width and also the size of my tight full balls. Her fingers were exciting me tremendously and I noticed Tanya's eyes begin to sparkle as she ordered her maid to continue with the examination.

I was told to bend over at the waist and grasp my ankles with my ass facing the couch. I couldn't see what the maid was doing, but suddenly I felt something cool and slippery pushing up against my asshole. Before I could utter a word of protest, it found the opening and hurt like hell as it slid inside me. Mara kept pushing it in further and I kept pulling away because of the intense pain. Tanya ordered me to return to my original position immediately as she would punish me severely. As I bent over again, I reached around and discovered it was a flesh-like, firm plastic dildo imbedded about one quarter of the way in my asshole. Resuming my position, Mara began inserting it further as Tanya told me, in her soothing sexy voice, that soon I would get to love being fucked in the ass by anyone who cared to try. She told me that the dildo was only a medium sized six inches and that I would be trained to take ten inches and more! Mara finally got it all the way in and attached a thin leather thong through a ring in the end of the dildo. She then fastened a thin belt around my waist and tied the thong to the front and back of the belt. This held the dildo firmly in position deep in my asshole. Tanya then told me that I

#### THE PHILOSOPHER

He who remains with himself a great deal becomes debased.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

would have to wear this, or a larger one, each time I served her until my asshole was properly trained.

Mara then removed a long nylon cord from the tray. One end contained a loop which she put around my balls and pulled tight. I broke out in a cold sweat when she did this and wondered what was going to happen next. She handed the other end of the cord to her mistress and Tanya then told me that I would be leashed like this everytime I was summoned to the house not only to remind me that I was a slave, but also to guarantee that I would obey every command or whoever held the leash would simply give it a hard pull and I would suffer agonizing pain in my balls.

The thought of what these two beautiful women were doing to me transcended any pain I felt in my rear from the dildo and I felt my cock begin to rise again. Tanya commanded me to get on my knees and she rose from the couch and stood in front of me with her legs slightly apart. She ordered me to get under her gown between her legs and lick her cunt. She couldn't have known how much I wanted to do just that and I quickly moved between her legs and slipped under her gown. The warm, sexy odor of her cunt and body completely enveloped me and I almost fainted in ecstacy. I moved my lips toward her cunt and when I reached that heavenly place, found no panties barring the way to her mound of Venus. I began kissing her pubic hair and searched for her slit with my tongue. Suddenly, a sharp pain knifed through my balls as she pulled the leash and commanded me to suck her clitoris! I parted the hairs with my nose and tongue and began to suck her button. Then the most amazing thing happened. As I rubbed and tongued her clit, it began to grow larger and larger until I was actually sucking on a miniature penis about one inch long. She spread her legs further apart and bent her knees slightly to give me full access to her clitoris. I could hear her breathing get

# 56 She ordered me to get under her gown between her legs and lick her cunt.

harder and louder as she gave herself up to the pleasure my tongue and lips were giving her. She tugged on the leash again, in what must have been an involuntary movement, and the pain made me bite down on her button! She screamed in passion and began to orgasm in slowly increasing spasms until she was fucking my mouth like a piston! Slowly she came to rest and fell back on the couch in a semi-faint.

Mara instantly went to her and lifting up her gown, began to wash her cunt and thighs with a damp cloth. When she was fully recovered, Tanya smiled at me and said I would be well rewarded if I continued such good work. I was still on my knees and my cock was pulsating and dripping juice. I started to reach for it but Tanya saw what I was about to do and commanded me to resist the urge to pull my cock. She told me that I would have to learn to serve her needs completely before I was allowed to satisfy myself, but that if I served her well, she would make sure I would be kept happy.

Tanya then nodded to her maid and Mara picked up the leash and led me out into the vestibule and up the spiral staircase. With every step, I felt the dildo move inside of my ass and the leash tug at my balls. I watched the maid's ass sway as she walked and began to enjoy the sensations I was feeling. We walked down a long hall and stopped before two huge oak paneled doors. Mara opened the doors and led me into a huge room the likes of which I had never dreamed existed.

The walls, floor and ceiling were covered with a thick padding of rubber-like material all in black. Lights were recessed into the ceiling spotlighting various instruments around the room. The center of the room was dominated by a huge, antique torture rack. Iron bracelets were spotted on the walls and floor around the room with short chains attached to some. Two thick steel poles ran from floor to ceiling in one corner and had wrist and ankle clamps attached. Wood racks containing dildos

of every size and shape were against one wall. Another wall had assorted sized vibrators and the Oriental Ben-Wa balls in racks. Another rack contained thin, wicked looking switches and various sized bottles of liquids, tubes of K-Y jelly, bottles of liquors and glasses.

Mara led me to the center of the room and looped the end of my leash to the rack. She stroked my cock and noticing the look of consternation on my face, told me not to worry because I would love everything that was going to be done to me and besides, since I couldn't prevent it from happening anyway, to relax and enjoy myself. She squeezed my balls a little too hard and told me that if I take good care of her during the forthcoming activities, that she would see that I was well taken care of also. With that, the door opened and Tanya and a large, good looking man walked into the room.

Both were dressed in similar outfits. Tanya was wearing a one piece black leather outfit that covered her tightly from ankles to neck except that her breasts, cunt and ass were completely exposed. Her beauty was breathtaking! Her large firm breasts stood out like beacons from the black leather background and her big nipples protruded from their tips as if begging to be sucked! Her prominent bush stuck out like a lush forest protecting her ample mound and the black, curly hairs formed an inviting cushion between her fleshy thighs. He, in turn, was wearing tight black leather pants down to his ankles with his cock, balls and ass completely exposed. His massive, muscular chest was bare. His huge cock hung dormant between his legs, thick and long with a frightening potential once aroused and his big balls were stretched full with his juices. His handsome face betrayed a slight smirk of expectation and interest as he gazed at me leashed and waiting.

They walked slowly towards me and Tanya introduced him as her husband, Jim. She told me that Jim was her complete slave, but that he was to be my master and that I would have to obey him just as I obey her. Mara, she told me, was her full-time servant and I was to do anything and everything she commanded until my training period was



"He always likes to make the 'taste-test' first!"

over. She then mentioned that this was their playroom and was completely soundproof. I could protest and scream as loud and long as I wished and no one could possibly hear me outside of that room.

She told me to fasten my eyes upon her husband's cock and while speaking, reached out and began to fondle his huge balls. His cock began to grow at once and my eyes widened as I saw the proportions it was reaching. When finally it reached its full erection, it was at least eleven inches long and at least six inches around. Tanya then told me that I was going to know that cock as well as I knew my own and that the dildo in my ass was to prepare me for just this tool. A shudder ran through me at the thought of that monster invading my virgin asshole and I was about to protest when Tanya ordered Mara to move me to the stock. I didn't know what was coming and hesitated slightly as Mara tried to lead me away. A sharp tug on the leash brought me back to reality as I realized I was completely at their mercy unless I wanted to be deballed! I was led over to an old fashioned head and arm stock. Mara had me drop to my knees in front of it and told me to place my neck and wrists in the slots. Being so helplessly captive made me resist obeving her but a hard pull on the leash and the resulting pain in my tender balls made me move instantly. She then lowered the top and snapped the lock shut imprisoning me completely!

Mara then handed my leash to Jim who stepped up right in front of me and dangled his huge, flaccid tool in my face. Tanya then ordered me to take his cock in my mouth and get it hard. She then commanded Jim to pull hard on the leash if I didn't do a good job. I swallowed hard, fighting down the revulsion I felt at having to suck that huge piece of meat but the agonizing pain of my testicles almost being ripped off by the tug Jim gave on the leash, convinced me that doing as I was told was the lesser of two evils. His cock was brushing up against my nose as I ran my tongue over the smooth, tight skin of his cockhead. I licked it along the sides, up and down its full length and thought to myself that it wasn't as bad as I expected. Suddenly a blinding flash of pain tore through my balls again and Jim ordered me to take it in my mouth and suck it hard! The pain in my balls was getting to be too much and they were beginning to hurt all the

# Tanya was wearing a one piece black leather outfit that left her breasts, cunt and ass completely exposed.

time now. I knew I couldn't take much more of this kind of pain without passing out or possibly doing permanent damage to my testicles. I reached for his cock with my mouth and took the satiny, smooth head between my lips and began to draw his penis into my mouth. Inch by inch it seemed to disappear as I sucked it in. I began to feel it swell in my mouth and started to gag as it reached tremendous proportions. I concentrated on the head and sucked it hard and fast hoping to bring him to an orgasm quickly. He began to pump his hips slowly driving that stiff pole deeper and deeper into my throat. There was no escaping that cock. I was completely in his power and was nothing more than his instrument of pleasure. All of a sudden, with the realization that I was completely in his power, a strange erotic feeling came over me and I felt my shaft harden and begin to throb. I opened my mouth as wide as I could and took his cock as deep as possible while running my tongue over its underside all the while. His tool began to slowly swell even more and his hips began to pump even faster as he stroked his penis in and out of my mouth as if he were fucking a cunt. Suddenly, I felt his cock leap and jerk in my mouth as he started to come. I felt huge gobs of his come being pumped down my throat with each thrust and realized that I couldn't taste anything. Finally, it was over and he slumped down on the floor pulling his cock out of my mouth along with a few drops of spunk that still clung to the top. I hung there limply, my jaws aching and my neck hurting but when I glanced down at my cock, it was hard as a rock and still throbbing. Mara began to cleanse Jim's genitals and it was just then that I noticed Tanya a short distance away, lying on her back with

THE PHILOSOPHER

Work is done, then forgotten. Therefore it lasts forever.

LAO TSU

her legs spread, sliding a vibrator in and out of her cunt.

Her eyes were glassy and the vibrator made a sloshing sound as it moved in and out of her juicy hole. All of a sudden, she pulled the machine out and commanded Mara to go down on her cunt. The maid didn't waste a second. She left Jim and kneeled before her mistress. Her tongue flicked lightly over the beautiful pussy spread before her. She ran it down the slit from the very top all the way to the puckered asshole and then back again. Tanya was going out of her mind. She was moaning and mumbling and squeezing her breasts and pinching her nipples. She opened her legs even wider so that the maid could reach every part of her hole. Mara then inserted her tongue into Tanya's cunt and began to lick and suck the juices out of the slippery hot hole before her. Then she plunged her tongue into Tanya's tight, pink asshole and tongue-fucked her while rubbing the clitoris with her nose at the same time. Tanya writhed and fucked like a wild woman. She began to moan louder and louder and lifted her ass high off the floor in complete rapture. Suddenly, Mara withdrew her tongue and fastened her lips and teeth on her mistress' rigid, throbbing clit. That did it! Tanya began coming in waves each one bigger than the one before and Mara sucked up every drop of juice she offered! Then she collapsed in exhaustion and smiled up at the wet beautiful face of her servant.

By this time, both Mara and I were beside ourselves with passion. Eating that delicious cunt, after watching all of the previous activities, had made her juices start flowing once again and she looked at my throbbing nine inches of stiff meat with a maddening hunger in her eyes. Tanya noticed this and cautioned her to be careful and not do anything foolish since my cock was to be saved for her and no one else that night. She then told Mara to use me in any way that she wished, but if she should make me come, she would

# She reached down and started to finger her cunt lips while moaning and swaying as if in an exotic ritual dance.

certainly suffer great consequences.

The passionate maid approached me with sparkling eyes and couldn't resist stroking my penis and testicles before she released me from the stock. She led me over to a set of wrist and ankle clamps on the floor giving my leash a few sharp tugs as she walked just to let me know she was boss. She chained me flat on my back and my rigid cock cleaved the air as she fastened a waist clamp around me so that I couldn't roll around. Then, when everything was ready, she stood up and removed her bra revealing two small but firm breasts capped with large red nipples. She pulled off her well soaked panties and squeezed her sopping wet cunt. Then she stood with both leas on either side of my head and squatted on her heels so that her pussy and asshole were stretched out in all their glory no more than an inch from my face. Slowly she lowered herself on me and ordered me to tongue fuck her asshole very slowly and gently. I snaked the tip of my tongue into her rosebud hole and worked it in and out teasingly. I felt her asshole relax and begin to open to receive more of my tongue. I fed more and more of it in until I had no more left and then began to slide it all the way out to the tip and then all the way back in again. She reached down and started to finger her cunt lips while moaning and swaying as if in an exotic ritual dance. Then she moved back slightly so that my tongue slipped out of her asshole and ordered me to lick her cunthole and clitoris. Her juices tasted delicious and her cunt lips were smooth and slippery as I flicked my tongue back and forth in her slit. Then I felt her bearing down and was covered from eyebrow to chin with her wet womanhood. She began to put all her weight on my face and rub her cunt back and forth against it. It was hard for me to breathe and I tried to suck some air from the corners of my mouth since my nose was buried in her hole. Then she began to come, and come, and come - shaking spasmodically as she squeezed every drop of her orgasm out of her pussy. Rolling off me, she fell on her side with a deep sigh of satisfaction.

Thus far, everyone had been satisfied at least once, except me and my cock was beginning to throb with pain. My balls were not only hurting from the leash pulling, but now were beginning to ache for release. I knew that if I could manage to rub my cock against something—anything—I could orgasm immediately. I tried turning around to rub my cock against the sensuous rubber carpeting, but the waist clamp held me tight. I tried rubbing my thigh against my cock but the ankle clamps held my legs flat on the floor. I looked down at my bursting cock in desperation and tried willing myself to come, but all I got was another drop of spunk dribbling out of the hole. Tanya noticed my futile efforts and called Jim and Mara to join her around my helpless body. They each stood alongside of me. Tanya between my legs, Mara straddling my right arm and Jim, my left. Tanya's slit was glistening with juice and as I gazed hypnotically at her cunt, I noticed an almost imperceptible throb in her clitoris which was standing up erect and sticking out slightly from the fatty lips of her cunt. The maid was still soaking wet. My saliva plus her cunt juices were running down her thighs. Her cunt was still slightly open and the inner lips revealed a rosy red color. Jim's cock was half hard and a tiny drop of seminal fluid sneaked out of the tip and hung there suspended as I looked.

Tanya told Mara to get herself a vibrator and resume her position. When she returned, she ordered her to begin masturbating and told Jim to do the same. Then she wet the tip of her index finger and slid it gently over her stiff clitoris while spreading her cunt lips wide with her fingers. Mara turned on the vibrator and rested the tip just inside her vagina while fingering her clit with her other hand. Jim went over to the open cabinet and squeezed some K-Y jelly onto his cock and returned to the group while sliding his massive tool in and out of his palm and pulling on his balls with his other hand. Soon all of them were lost in their solo passions and the sight was too much for me to bear. My cock ached for release and here were three desirable, passionate



"Of course it smells . . . it's been dead a long time."

#### outlets - all involved in satisfying themselves! I shut my eyes as my cock throbbed and jumped. Suddenly I knew I was about to come! I felt my juices starting up out of my aching balls when a fantastic bolt of pain shot through me and I felt as though I was going to pass out. My eyes open and there stood Tanya holding my leash with her eyes flashing anger! She ordered me to keep my eyes opened and watch the three of them jerk off or she would pull the leash even harder next time. When my eyes were able to focus clearly again, I saw that Mara was just about ready to come and from the look on Jim's face plus the thick, pre-coital fluid that was being squeezed out of his cock with every pull, I knew he was close to orgasm also. The only one that seemed in control of herself was Tanya and she was deliberately keeping herself high and ready with her talented fingers. Then I heard the maid start grunting and saw her bend backwards offering as much of her cunt to the vibrator as possible as she came off again and again. Then Jim shouted and I saw huge gobs of his come spurt out of his cock. I felt them falling warm and wet on my stomach and chest. After Mara cleaned me up with the damp cloth, both she and Jim sat down against the wall to rest and watch their fabulous looking mistress finger herself.

Tanya was a vision of erotic beauty. Her eyes were glazed as she leaned slightly backwards and projected her cunt as far forward as possible. Her beautiful breasts swayed slowly to the rhythm of her movements and her swollen nipples looked hard and inviting. Her fingers were now disappearing inside her hole as she fucked herself to even higher degrees of passion. Then, all at once, she pulled out her fingers, straddled my hips, squatted down low and slid the head of my bursting cock into her cunt. As soon as it was in place, she lowered herself all the way and my huge tool sank into the depths of her juicy, hot hole. The pleasure was indescribable! After all these hours of being sexually abused, teased and tortured, my needs were finally being satisfied. My cock was inside the most beautiful receptacle it had ever been in and I knew, at that moment, that I would be this fabulous woman's slave for as long as she would let me fuck her in reward! I felt my cock swell as my orgasm began. Tanya felt it also for she started a back and forth motion that kept my cock deep inside her while

# 66 I was just a cock — a huge, throbbing, pulsating, fabulous penis!

at the same time allowed her clitoris to rub against my pelvic bone. I began to lose myself completely in the fucking she was giving me. I was only conscious of my cock and the fantastic feelings her cunt was giving me. I became nothing but my cock! I had no arms, legs, head or body. I was just a cock - a huge, throbbing, pulsating, fabulous penis! With each thrust, her warm, wet, juicy hole pumped and milked my cock. And then it came, pumping out of my swollen penis in great, shuddering spasms - flooding her insides with a never ending stream of hot come. I screamed in ecstasy and right in the middle of my orgasm, Tanya gave a tremendous shudder, bore down on my cock as hard as she could and ierked and twisted as she mixed her juices with mine! Afterwards, she leaned back in exhaustion and my half hard but satisfied cock slid out of her cunt hole and flopped down on my thigh. Thick gobs of creamy white come immediately started to run out of her hole and down the crease of her thigh.

After we rested a while, Tanya got up and unfastened my shackles and removed my leash. It was quite a relief to get rid of that thing. She told me that I had done well for the first training session and had very few faults considering that I had never had previous experience. She also said that the training would get slightly rougher on the next visit but that the rewards would be greater also.

Tanya then commanded me to thank Jim and Mara for all they had done to me and bid them farewell with the "slave's kiss" which would be my usual way of saying goodnight from now on. She explained that I was to go over to each of them in turn, drop to my knees and request permission to kiss their genitals. I approached the lovely young maid, who was sitting with her legs spread and leaning against the wall, and thanked her for using me the way she did. I then asked her if I could kiss her cunt once more and upon her nodded assent, I leaned forward and

warmly kissed her still wet, delicious pussy, flicking my tongue against her clitoris as I did so. Then, without hesitation because I wanted to get it over with quickly, I moved over to Jim and did the same. His flaccid cock gave a slight jerk as my lips brushed across it and his eyes betrayed amusement as he watched the ritual.

Tanya then asked Mara to show me out and told me that I would be summoned again shortly. I politely asked her about the dildo which was still deep in my asshole and she replied that I must continue to wear it until the next visit so that it would be ready for the next larger size at that time. I panicked for a moment thinking what my wife would say if she noticed it, but realized I couldn't disobey my mistress' instructions and would have to hide it somehow.

I dropped to my knees and embraced Tanya's legs. I looked deep into her eyes and thanked her for giving me the opportunity of serving her and begged her to allow me to lick her cunt one more time. She smiled and spread her legs in answer. I moved to her cunt and lapped up as much juice as I could find in her slit before she pushed me away and bade me goodnight.

I followed the maid downstairs and, as I was starting to get dressed again, I felt her hand reach between my legs and firmly grab my balls. She then moved around in front of me, dropped to her knees and ran her pink, wet tongue all over my cock and balls. Then she stood up and kissed me warmly on the lips and told me how much she was looking forward to my next visit.

A few minutes later, I found myself standing on the sidewalk in front of the house with the most exciting and erotic experience of my life behind me. Reluctantly, I started to walk toward my car, the dildo moving pleasantly inside of me. My thoughts raced ahead to my next visit and I wondered how long it would be before my mistress called for me again. My cock got hard just thinking about it.

MELBOURNE (HNS) — A male "pill" that is effective and has no discernible side effects may be a step closer as the result of a bone disease afflicting two Australian men.

Biochemists Michael and Maxine Briggs studying two men being treated for osteoporosis with synthetic hormones, found them to be temporarily infertile.

A test to see if the same hormone combination would have a similar contraceptive effect on healthy men proved positive. Five married men took the pill twice daily.

By the 12th week, four had stopped producing sperm, and by the 18th week, the fifth one had stopped. None of the men lost any of their sexual potency or sexual desire.

The contraceptive effects of the pills lasted for 15 weeks after the men stopped taking the hormones, and their sperm production was normal 35 to 40 weeks later.

The osteoporosis pill is already on the market, but the Briggs suggest that it be further studied and tested as a male contraceptive.

ATLANTA (HNS) — What do all those vaginal washes, sprays and perfumes do for women? They make them smell nicer but they also make them less sexy, according to a team of researchers at the Emory University School of Medicine in Atlanta.

While women are not like cats when it comes to the potency of their pheromones, they do have them. Washing the natural scents away or covering them up with succulent man-made aromas is not necessarily an improvement, if you accept the results of the team's "discovery."

Richard Michael, R.W. Bonsall and Patricia Warner not only have proven that women have sex pheromones; they also found that taking oral contraceptives disrupts the normal production of those sexual attractants.

The team noted that women are sexiest, i.e., produce the largest volume of sex pheromones, near the middle of the menstrual cycle, the most fertile time, and are the least sexy near the beginning of their periods.

Michael said he would rather not speculate on the influence female pheromones have on men; or on the possibility of producing them synthetically, thus having the ultimate "sex perfume."

STANFORD (HNS) — Men and women differ from each other in ob-



# SEX BIIS

HUSTLER NEWS SERVICE

Sex Bits brings you news from around the world on startling discoveries and revelations, fascinating gadgets and research, and a peek at the freakiest and most bizarre happenings. Presented monthly, these little quips of information will give any Hustler the well-rounded knowledge of what's going on and where to find it.

compiled by Richard Crownover

vious ways, but they are not as different as many people believe, according to Stanford University psychologists Eleanor Maccoby and Carol Nagy Jacklin.

Among the sexist shibboleths they slam in their newly published "The Psychology of Sex Differences," are the following common ones:

Females are more social than males. There is no evidence, the two say, that girls are more likely than males to be concerned with people, as opposed to material objects and abstract ideas.

Females have lower self-esteem than males. The two sexes are similar in overall self-satisfaction, the two note. But girls do tend to rate themselves higher in social competence, while males more often see themselves as strong and dominant.

Females lack motivation to achieve. Males do appear to be more responsive to competitive challenges, but this doesn't prove that they have a higher level of achievement motivation in general, the psychologists say.

Males are more analytic than females. Tests do not show any difference in the ability of the sexes to analyze, the authors claim.

Are there any differences — other than physical — between males and females? Yes, there are, the female shrinks admit. Males can see figures better than girls can; and males are more aggressive, physically and verbally, than girls. But women are still better talkers than men!

GAYOYA, JAPAN (HNS)—Sometime in the near future, the world's host of gypsy moths may literally screw themselves obsolete in one great, mass orgy that will no doubt make many humans envious.

Scientist Shingo Marumo of Japan's Gayoya University and a research team have isolated a "super sex" perfume that drives male moths up the wall when it is in concentrations as low as one part per million.

An agricultural chemist, Marumo reports that the economic significance of his discovery will be far-reaching, since sex attractants are being developed as natural insecticides.

WASHINGTON, D.C. (HNS)—A couple of decades from now, men and women may be able to "order" sexual partners that, practically speaking will never "run down" as long as they are kept plugged in and oiled.

These futuristic "insatiable" lovers

would be an especially designed variation of a new breed of robot already on the drawing board and due for "mass" production in the 1980's, according to "Dimensions," the technical news bulletin of the National Bureau of Standards.

There are already some 2,000 "simple" robots at work around the world, along with a few that have "memory banks," and function as "supervisors."

By the 1980's, however, a new breed of robots will have far more sophisticated memories, and sensors that will allow them to perform task-oriented jobs on command, the NBS report states.

The NBS suggests that these super robots will be used to do work too dangerous or impossible for humans to perform, and also to increase production and reduce costs in many industries where human labor is now both expensive and inefficient.

The report does not suggest what might happen to the people put out of work by robots, or who will control the powerful economic, military and political forces represented by robots.

SACRAMENTO (HNS)—Remember the two gorillas who couldn't make it sexually, and were shown a Swiss-made film on the making of little gorillas?

Well, Chris and Suzie, the two zooraised apes, have seen the film three times and they still can't make it, reports zoo director Bill Meeker.

Seems the two frustrated gorillas are more interested in the mechanics of the projector and the lights than they are in watching celluloid replicas of themselves humping away ape-fashion.

Meeker says he hasn't given up, however. He says he will make Chris and Suzie watch the film until they get the idea. He apparently is not concerned about the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—or the local porno squad raising a fuss about his exposing these two virgins to the blue film.

ANN ARBOR (HNS)—Young, unmarried girls who become pregnant and seek abortion get pregnant for different reasons, but neither the pregnancy nor the abortion solves any of their problems, reports clinical psychologist Sherry Hatcher at the University of Michigan Mental Health Clinic.

Hatcher said the young girls who came to the clinic for abortions could be classified in three categories and age groups:

Girls from 12 to 14 usually get preg-



nant at the home of a girl friend, confide only to girl friends about the pregnancy, and bring girl friends to the hospital interviews.

These girls want to become closer to their mothers, but motherhood is the last thing in the world they want, Hatcher said. She added that they also wanted to test their newly emerging feminine bodies — to prove they were really girls.

The second category, girls from 15 to 17, knew how to prevent pregnancy, but didn't and usually blamed the doctor, boyfriend or father. "These girls were frequently made pregnant by a married man whom they see as victimized by a mother figure," Hatcher said.

Girls in the last category — from 17 to 20 — usually get pregnant in an effort to force their boyfriends to marry them, and have the most difficulty resorting to abortion because "they come the closest to wanting" their babies.

Hatcher said she found out two things in her study: first, that our society equates unmarried pregnancies with delinquency, and second, that unmarried girls who get pregnant and have abortions are not hurt by the abortion itself: They continue to have the same developmental conflicts as before.

CLEVELAND (HNS) — Think you know a lot of sexist vocabulary? If you do — and you are scholarly about it — Marvin Sussman, Department of Sociology at Case Western Reserve University, Haydn Hall, Cleveland, Ohio 44106, would like to hear from you.

He's heading up a study on sexist language in media, work, legal and family sectors.

#### THE PHILOSOPHER

Too much success is not an advantage. Do not tinkle like jade Or clatter like stone chimes. LAO TSU NEW YORK (HNS) — Women who do a lot of dreaming about pleasant things during the day are the ones who are most likely to engage in erotic fantasies when they have sexual intercourse with their husbands at night, reports a New York research team lead by E. Barbara Hariton.

Among their findings: 65 percent of the women studied reported erotic fantasies during the love-making at least some time and 37 percent had sexual fantasies often.

Fifty-six percent of the women said they substituted an imaginary lover and 17 percent said they mentally substituted someone they knew for their husbands.

The number two fantasy reported by the women was being physically overpowered and forced to surrender to their sexual partner.

Hariton said the women in this latter category were generally more satisfied with their husbands, while those who substituted others for their husbands indicated a desire to have sex with other men.

Overall, women who fantasize when they are having sex with their husbands, have more positive attitudes about sex, get more pleasure from sex and do a better job of satisfying their husbands, Hariton said.

ATLANTA (HNS) — Most women will never know what men really think of them, or how sexist men really are, until they overhear a male "bull session."

Social commentator Shulamith Firestone wrote some time ago that to be considered as "ass, meat, twat, cunt," etc., could be totally devastating to a woman.

To find out if things have changed, Nancy Kutner and Donna Brogan of the Center for Research and Social Change at Emory University, asked 93 women and 73 men to list all the slang synonyms they could think of for such words as "woman, man, male homosexual, female homosexual, buttocks, breasts, erection," etc.

Not surprisingly, the men were able to list from 2 to 4 times as many slang words as the women. The most distinctive difference, the research team found, was for men to list expressions that described women as sexual objects — a fuck, a cunt, and so forth.

The researchers suggested that the ultimate consciousness-raising session for many women might be overhearing what men call them during typical male rap sessions.

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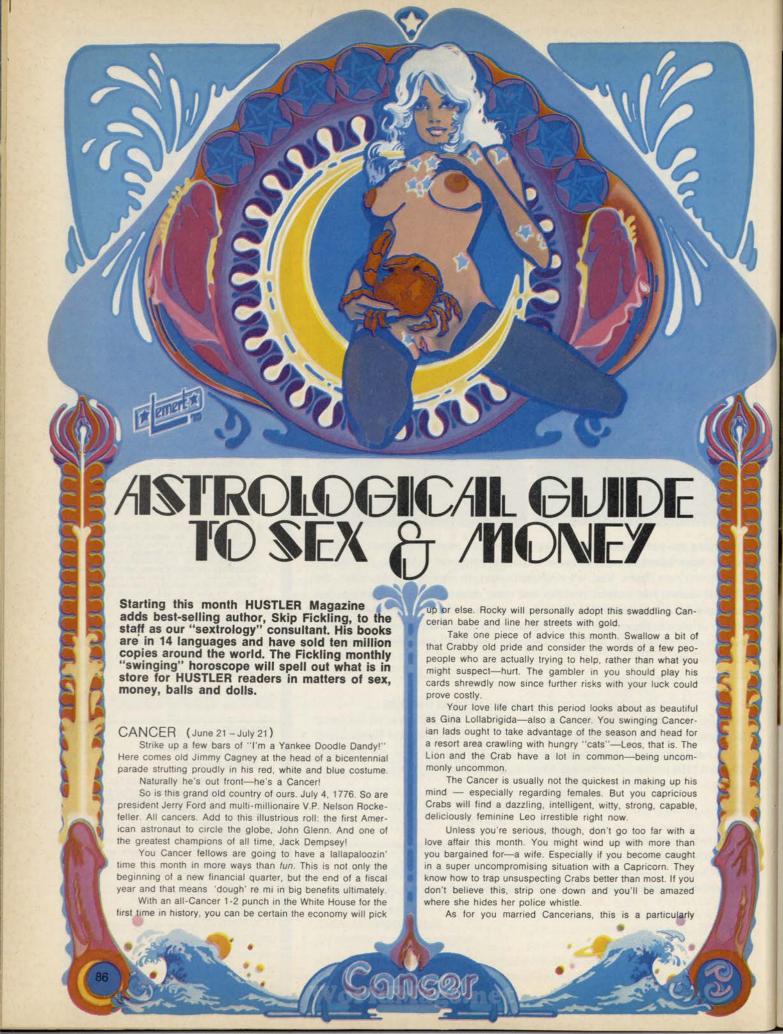


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romantic time if you don't start peering over back fences. You may be presented with a divorce suit, instead of a new suit for your birthday. If you are wedded to a Leo, Aries or Sagittarian, you are under such heavy personal surveillance, you might as well be wearing blinders.

But if your spouse happens to be a sweet "unsuspecting" type like Pisces or Libra, you could be in far deeper trouble if you stray in the hay. Libras often carry guns (equal justice for all) and Pisces usually get most of the money and property because they cry so convincingly in court (Elizabeth Taylor is one).

Pick up the bucks this month—and not the clucks—and make this a happy (not crappy) birthday.

#### LEO (July 22 - August 21)

Leaping Lions, Batman! The center ring is super lighted this month for the "really big show!" You Leos may not be making a lot of money, but right now concentrate on a Hustler "honey". The girls are going to be flocking your way, particularly after the 15th, when your magnetism reaches its full height. Capricorn, Cancer and Scorpio are your best bets. Stay away from your own "fire signs"—Sagittarius, Aries and definitely Leo. They may be too hot to handle during this heat wave. If you don't believe it, that sexy group includes: Jill St. John, Ursula Andress and Abby Lane.

#### VIRGO (August 22 - Sept. 21)

Sweep the small change under the rug because much larger money matters are looming. This is a period of strong upswing for you Virgos and there should be no hesitancy on your part. Positive personal decisions must be carried out quickly without the usual long thought-out delays or need for searching conclusions by friends or associates. Keep your teeth to the grindstone and your mouth shut regarding any new business deals. If you don't lose your concentration and fumble this away with awkward stalling this could be one of the most vital periods in your entire life.

#### LIBRA (September 22 - Oct. 22)

No doubt about the fact, a Libra is what a lot of people think he is—an "honorable" sex fiend. He's too sweet to rape girls. He's the one who wears socks in orgy films because he's too polite to offend. Only in this particular period you Libras are liable to go Mr. Hyde-ish on us, ripping off socks and all. Seldom do you have to worry about temper or tearing things apart. Watch out now though! You may be on an emotional bender which could cost you friends, wives and lovers. And even money.

#### SCORPIO (Oct. 23 - November 21)

Being suspicious now could be deadly. Best to have complete faith in investments, family and particularly in new ventures. If your love life is sagging give it a little equal time. You are spending far too many hours trying to beat the other guys to the punch and this is tantamount to flogging a dead horse. Your sharp intuition is losing a lot of gloss from plain overwork and not relying enough on others. Curb those silly fears and give this new project a full shot and you could wind up a millionaire.

#### SAGITTARIUS (November 22 - Dec. 20)

The Sag is usually omnipotent and voracious and is the first to admit to his kingly appetite. But now is a good time not to blurt out the truth about your excesses. Play a few of the games people play that you detest. Actually, you are in a position now to make a powerfully surprising move in both love and business. Harness that big mouth this month and you may land the cutie who has been avoiding you and the money that has been eluding your grasp.

#### CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 - January 19)

Capricious Cappys arise! Indeed for you these are the days of "wine and hosin". Romance should be popping like champagne corks and you would be totally foolish to ignore all of this pulsating pulchritude. You married mongrels had best keep the old zipper shut because the pussys are going to be crying for you through these "in heat" days, especially your own sign. If you bump into the likes of Dyan Cannon best run like hell or hole up for the summer. As far as money is concerned, Cappys have plenty of that saved up. Don't blow it!

#### AQUARIUS (January 20 - February 18)

Clark Gable was an Aquarian. So are Paul Newman, Burt Reynolds and Rip Torn. The great lover John Barrymore. Yes! Need you Aquarians prove your point any further? Who invented the water bed, the feather pillow, the dildo? Guess! You crazy Aquarians are in an extremely goofy period now so try to curb your weird energies and turn them into bucks. Look what Aquarians Babe Ruth and Hank Aaron did with a hunk of wood. Edgar Bergen even made his talk. Get with it this month you water bearers and convert a hickory stick into a gold mine! Look what Dr. Frankenstein did! He was one, too!

#### PISCES (February 19 - March 20)

Don't let misguided notions cause you to stray from the path this month because there may be a great deal of outer influence bearing upon your personal life. Your peace of mind is in jeopardy and these forces could gravely curb your activities both at home and at work. You are struggling hard enough as it is to keep your income balanced without taking one of those "shots in the dark" you love to gamble on and too often end up going down with—like the Titanic. Safe bet now: a pretty Pisces.

#### ARIES (March 21 - April 20)

The highly emotional Ram is heightened this month with some additionally wild news that could send him reeling. Unfortunately, you Aries are going to have to give all of this some thorough thinking rather than jumping on the bandwagon and falling head over heels on your asses. This goes for the females in your life as well. Aries traditionally got hot pants in the July swelter and run loose like mad dogs. If you can concentrate on one subject, one woman and one goal right now this could be the start of something big.

#### TAURUS (April 21 - May 20)

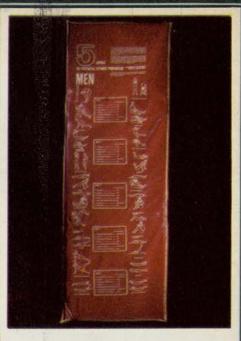
Monetary problems are in the forefront this month and should be dealt with carefully. No sense blowing your top over a deal that seems doomed to failure. Use the old bean and call an end-around play. This may maneuver your opponent off-balance and put you in the end zone with the whole ball game. Don't forget Sugar Ray Robinson was a Taurus. He fought more rounds, for more titles, against more adversaries than almost anybody. And he proved himself a real champion. Just don't quit now!

#### GEMINI (May 21 - June 20)

You are going to have to make up your mind right now whether you do or you don't involve yourself in that massive maneuver. With Gemini it's the same in love or war. Obviously things can't continue the way they have been doing in either battle. Now it is time to settle both issues. You are only making matters worse by not coming to a final decision. If it's babes or booze, bucks or clucks, move it out like old Gem Joe Namath does when he fades for a pass. Be positive now and you may make 1975 a Super Bowl year for your bank account and love life.







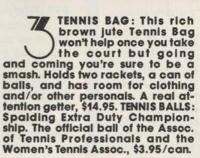
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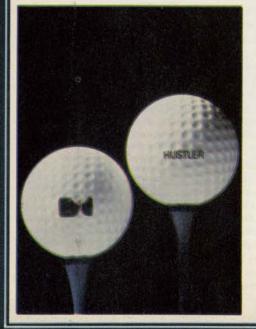
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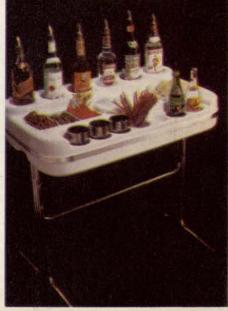
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JULY

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continued from page 38

Where could one make love on a plane? Where could one find enough privacy for the time needed to attain orgasm without doing it under the curious eyes of passengers and crew? Suddenly it occurred to me that if anyone knew, it would be one of the stewards or stewardesses. The steward was good looking. He was interested in me. If he wasn't, I would certainly make him interested.

I went back to my seat by the window and waited for my drink to come. The sky was completely black now. The sun had finally turned the corner of the sky and left us with a billion stars to go by. Charting a course in a sea so vast and empty as this seemed an impossible task to me. But I was not pilot of the plane so it didn't really matter.

The steward came back and handed me a Bloody Mary which I usually only drink when I'm having my period. I ordered another drink from him so I knew he would come back after he finished making his rounds. The drink was good.

I was convinced the steward would be willing to tell me where a good place was to have sex. Our conversation hadn't lasted long, but I put everything

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I could into making him aware I wanted him to come with more than a drink for me.

There were two people in front of me, but my seat was not where anyone could see that I was playing with myself unless they were standing over my shoulder. Even then, it would be difficult because of the way I had curled my leas up like one does sometimes to read a book.

I could feel my clitoris getting hard as I rubbed my fingers over the end of it: sensitive and alert. I closed my eyes and imagined the steward standing next to me with his long, hard cock showing in a prominent knot across the front of his leg, beneath his black pants. Then he was there. He leaned over and before I could take the drink from his hand, he had the audacity to tell me to come back to the bathroom as soon as my meal was served. He suggested I not eat until later.

My heart was pounding with excitement. I could not believe this was happening to me. How strange - I had hardly begun to fantasize and get horny, when a man appeared ready to instruct me in the ways of sex aboard

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NAME PLEASE PRINT ADDRESS CITY STATE ZIP 0 a passenger plane.

One of the stewardesses brought me my meal. I set it beside me and made my way to the back of the plane to the bathroom. I went inside and locked the door. The steward stepped out from the toilet stall and towards me.

He said very kind things to me. About how he knew that women on these long flights often went through periods of intense horniness and that he was only too glad to be of service to them. His attitude made it clear to me that this would be the first and last time we would be together. He kissed me on the mouth and eyes, and ran his hands over my body and my breasts.

I didn't know whether or not we had much time, so I lifted my sweater over my head revealing my well formed breasts and erect nipples. He went to them immediately, sucking and licking them with incredible agility and expertise. He went down to my belly on his knees and kissed my stomach, down to the mound of hair which appeared as he undid my zipper and lowered my pants to my knees. I thought I would collapse to the floor. My knees were weak and shaky. I wanted to feel something big and hard inside me. His tongue was playing over my clit.

I could feel his movements as he undid his trousers and removed his coat. He came up on me; feeling me and kissing me constantly as he did so. I thought of being 45,000 feet in the air. I thought of being over the ocean and it made me tremble with a much different kind of excitement than the fear I had when we were taking off. I thought of this man in the black suit and his cock behind that zipper. I didn't care how many children he had or even if he was married. I wanted to suck him and make him come to me in that plane just as I was going to come.

The steward was kissing me on the mouth again. He was holding his cock and trying to insert it into my vagina as we were standing there. I wanted to suck his cock. I didn't want him to come in me and go soft before I felt him at the back of my throat. I took hold of him. He was bigger than Paul. I was amazed and excited beyond my wildest dreams. His cock was huge. I was gloriously frightened of him and drawn to him at the same time.

I went down on my knees and stared at him before I put his cock in my mouth. His balls hung there in front of me and I fondled them with my hands and fingers before I pushed one finger into his ass. He began to hump me while I sucked and played with myself. I was going to orgasm while I was sucking him. All the while I wanted him to come in my mouth so I could taste him for awhile afterwards.

I felt the contractions and the tingling electricity I always get when I know I am on the verge of orgasm. I sucked and fondled the steward's cock and he groaned very quietly. We couldn't be very loud, and I couldn't be heard groaning with his prick in my mouth, anyway. I felt the contractions beginning his climax in my finger which was rubbing his sphincter muscle, increasing the pleasure he would have in coming. Suddenly I felt the first hot gush of semen as he exploded one, two, three times in my mouth. I could feel the saline fluid sliding down the back of my throat. His body was going into spasms every time my teeth touched the head of his cock. I was in climax. My eyes tightly squeezed closed; I tried not to let out cries of satisfaction as my body lurched to the ground. A drop of pearly white fluid ran down the corner of my mouth. I was satisfied.

The steward pulled his pants up. He did not appear nervous, but he did have to get back to his tasks. He suggested I leave first. There was no one directly outside the door who would have seen us go into the restroom, so there was no need to be embarrassed, if that should be any problem. I told him it was no problem. He had been wonderful for me. He freed me from having to think as far back as to the hotel room in New York. I had become a woman of now, rather than a woman of then.

I dressed and went out the door, down the long aisle back to my seat. My dinner had been taken from the seat where I had left it, but after a few moments a second steward brought another tray. This one was different than the first. It was first class. The best meat, the best wine, the sweetest desserts one can find in the air.

"Compliments," was all he said, but in the warmest manner you can imagine.

I leisurely sat savoring the wonderful dinner before me. Later I would sit next to a gentleman in blue during the film and lure him to the back of the plane. Later I would upset a glass in the lap of a young boy and take him to the restroom to clean him up.

Athens, our destination, was still several hours and several thousand miles away.

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larry flynt
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mclaren
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al goldstein

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## jody maxwell

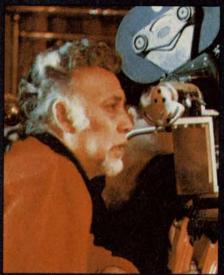
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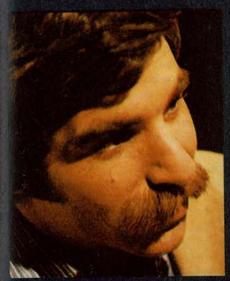


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We know who the Don Juan of yesterday was, but we don't know who the Don Juan of today is. Hopefully, upon completion of this contest, we will have discovered the **WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER** which should be of considerable interest to all people.

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Six male finalists will be chosen; these six individuals will participate in final activities which will test their "lover" ability. The six main areas of judging (on a scale from 1 to 10) will be:

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JULY

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Zip

## GINNY & SNOW

continued from page 48

Ginny held one up, starting and stopping it.

"Including a rim job," Snow cooed in his ear.

"A rim job?"

She went on fondling him. Stewart was overwhelmed. He could hardly believe his luck. He would not only lose his virginity once, but twice, on the same day.

Without even asking, Ginny lifted out his wallet and extracted one more ten spot and three fives leaving him practically broke. The bills quickly disappeared into a drawer. The deal was consummated. Suddenly the two girls stopped smiling and were all business.

"Okay, kid -- " Ginny barked like a top sergeant, "get your pants off!"

Snow was already naked. She knelt over a little white enamel pot and sprinkled water up her. Ginny stood before the mirror flexing her muscles. They were like a couple of lady wrestlers warming up. And he was the kill. . . .

He just laid there, gently sloshing around on the water bed, his six inches waving in the breeze. Then Ginny said, picking up a rope, "You're gonna love this, kid!"

Suddenly they were both very busy. In a few moments, he was securely tied, head and foot. Then Snow roughly pulled him over on his stomach, her huge boobs dangling before his eyes.

He started to protest, but it was cut short - as she tied his necktie securely around his mouth gagging him. He made inarticulate noises of objection, which were ignored.

Then Ginny began to spank him on his bottom. "You've been a naughty boy, ain't cha? Well, momma is gonna give her bad boy a spanking. Hand me that belt, Snow, will ya?"

Ginny was really enjoying her work. His rear cheeks reddened with each blow. Then the phone rang. Ginny paused momentarily in her work.

"Can you get it, hon?"

Snow crawled over Stewart - her knee crunching into the small of his back - and got the phone.

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Whack, whack, whack. Snow leaned down onto the grimacing Stewart, painfully sticking her elbow in his ribs as she talked.

"Oh, yeah. I remember. Speak up, will ya?"

Whack, whack, whack. Ginny was accelerating the speed and force of the leather blows, a stupid look of absolute bliss coming into her eyes.

"Wow!" Snow went on excitedly as she straightened up, her knee gouging into the back of Stewart's neck -"You're kidding? For sure. You betcha, babes. That's knockout. Twenty minutes? We wouldn't miss it for the world!"

Then she hung up. She sat, her big behind covering the back of Stewart's head smothering him. He could hardly breathe, but he could hear all right.

"Hey, Gin. It's those hardware convention johns. Remember? Last year? There are five of 'em. They're in town just for the day - at the Waldorf. We got to split over there - fast!"

Ginny gave Stewart one last klop and

"They was really wild, right? We boozed till morning."

Ginny leaned down to the prostrate

"Listen, kid, we can't afford to lose these tricks. They're big bread, you hip?"

Stewart made violent noises, which they paid no attention to whatsoever. Ginny flew into a low cut blouse and a red wig, as Snow did a quick number on her hair, her mouth full of bobby pins.

"But as soon as we're done - we'll shoot straight back here for you, Doll!"

Then they both plunged to the door. Ginny guiltily turned back to Stewart struggling against his ropes and belts. Taking a last look at the reddened cheeks of his ass, her heart melted. She came back to the bed, picked up the seven inch facial vibrator, vaselined the head of it, started its little battery-operated motor running - and shoved it straight up his rectum. They left at once. . . .

The pain was excruciating. He lay there, tied hand and foot, helplessly, seething, with only the incessant whirring of the vibrator to keep him company. Half-an-hour later, he was able to relax a little. In some curious way, he was even beginning to really enjoy it: It was not an unpleasant sensation. The proof of it was, his erection pressed into the gurgling waterbed beneath him.



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Ginny and Snow gave head to all five of the hardware convention businessmen. Money exchanged hands. Afterwards, in gratitude, the five johns insisted on buying them both drinks downstairs in the bar. Ginny agreed at once, but Snow whispered to her—"What about that kid with that gismo up his behind back at our pad?"

"What about him?" replied Ginny, "he's enjoying himself, ain't he?"

In a very masochistic way he was. For the next hour. But by the hour after that, his rear end had become numb. Still the little motor whirred on. Stewart turned to the left, he turned to the right, but he could not dislodge the vibrating machine that was embedded into him to the hilt. He could not shut it off either. He tried to pull away from the ropes that bound his wrists, but they were well and truly fastened, very professionally, to the bedposts.

After a while, he gave up and just lay there, waiting for the girls to return. They had to be back any minute. Two hours became three, three hours became four. Day turned to evening and still they were not back. He lay there half dead, praying for their return. "Please, God, make them come back. I'll never do nothing bad again. I swear, I'll even give up jerking off. I'll even give up girls. . . ." God heard, but did not answer Stewart's prayers.

Downstairs in the bar of the Waldorf, one drink became two, two drinks became three. Five hardware johns became ten, ten became fifteen. They were coming out of the walls. The word was getting around. "The boys from Houston have two live ones...." Someone ordered steaks and champagne.

"Hey, Elmer, what about your wife Delores?"

"Jesus, you had to bring her up?"
Somebody knew about a party in
Suite 1064, given by Mack from Columbus. "Bring the girls." They did.

It was the longest night of Stewart's life. Far below in the street, he could hear the hustle and bustle of the traffic pouring into Times Square. But upstairs, he was being driven mad by the vibrator embedded in him. He saw his life pass before his eyes. What a way to go. What would they think when they found him dead? What would his family think? He only hoped to God they would take the damn thing out before they buried him. He asked himself a thousand times, how in hell did he get here? But he knew the answer. He was driven here by masturbation, by frustra-

tion, by women. Yes, Stewart lamented, women had driven him here. Not just Nancy O'Meara, but all the others. Stella from 96th Street, who thought he got his kicks out of watching her eat pizza. That girl from Staten Island who had teased him all summer long, but never gave him so much as a hand job. Yes, I hope she does become a nun, he cursed her to himself.

His mind reeled on. What about his mother? Nagging him, night and day. And his Cousin Toby, always flashing her boobs in front of his face whenever he went over to her house. Then he slept. Even in his nightmares, he could hear that infernal vibrator. Suddenly he opened his eyes. It was dawn! And they were still not back. "Oh God," he moaned, "please make them come back. Please!"

It was late in the afternoon when Snow awakened. She pulled herself out of the tangle of naked bodies on the bed and staggered to her watch on top of the pile of her clothes. It must have stopped. It couldn't be possible. Three o'clock! She held it to her ear. It was ticking.

She looked around the suite. The only other female body among the tangle of arms and legs was Ginny. She counted eight of each, then divided by two. That meant there were four men. Four? Yes, she counted again, there were four heads.

The suite was a state. There were whiskey and vodka bottles by the dozens scattered over the floor. There were glasses on everything. Pants and panties lay where they had fallen in battle, the ashtrays were overflowing with cigar butts. Hanging from the wall was a convention banner and colored streams of crepe paper covered the room and even the bodies on the bed. She tried to remember. Dimly, it all came back - the endless stream of hardware johns. Trays of food and drinks kept wheeling in and out all night. In all modesty, she recalled it all. Ginny and Snow had had them all. Yes, every one of them - the whole goddamn convention!

Snow carefully made her way over the bodies on the bed to Gin — careful not to wake the men. She shook her gently, till she finally opened her sleep and booze crusted eyes. "Ginny, it's three o'clock in the afternoon!"

"So what?"

"What about the kid back on our water bed?"

continued on next page





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continued from page 95

"So what about him?"

"He's had a vibrator stuck up his ass for 24 hours!"

The first thing Ginny did on returning, was to extract the mechanical object from Stewart's posterior. It was still

going. Then they began to until him.

He was stiff as a board. Off came the ropes and cords and the necktie gag. He gasped and sat up. For 15 minutes both Snow and Ginny rubbed the white marks which the cords had left in his skin. Then they rubbed the circulation back into his legs and feet. Stewart was still too weak to even stand. His anger had long since subsided. His eyes were moist with gratitude. God had answered his prayers. He wasn't going to die there after all. It had been a long ordeal, but he had survived. He had almost lost hope, but he had managed to live. It had, all in all, been the greatest test of his endurance. Even Ginny and Snow were impressed.

They looked at him in awe and wonder. Then Snow shut off the little machine. Stewart's rear end was still so numb he could hardly feel it. He couldn't help wondering if it would ever work again. Ginny yawned and looked

"You better split out of here, kid." Snow nodded. "Yeah. We got a few tricks scheduled in."

Stewart stood shakily, still dumbfounded. "You mean, that's it? That's all I get?"

Ginny couldn't believe his nerve.

"What the hell are you complaining about? You've been here all day and night. You was only supposed to get one hour!"

Stewart made his way slowly down the long winding stairs, past the garbage cans on the ground floor and out to the street. He stood on the sidewalk, his eyes blinking up into the sun. How could he ever explain it to the gang? They all knew he had gone. Nunzio and Barrel and Duke and the others. He would have to lie. At least he could say he spent the whole night.

He could just describe one or two porno films he had seen. No problem. He was still more than a little bewildered by it all, a little sad and a little wiser, too. But he was still untouched, he was still a virgin.

He wondered as he walked up 42nd Street, toward the subway - where was she? Her. The one girl that would be lucky enough one day to finally cop his cherry.



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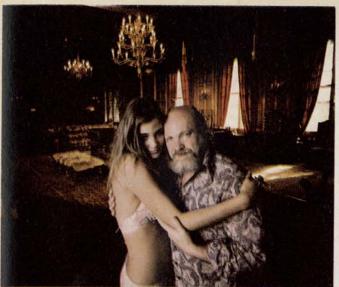
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"His retinue of young ladies in semi-permanent residence were obviously chosen for their looks and not for their sparkling conversation

#### BERNIE CORNFELD

continued from page 22

he got axed. He emerged with a personal fortune of between \$30 and \$40 million.

The balding monarch moved to Beverly Hills, California, and bought a mansion across the street from Playboy potentate Hugh Hefner, one of his idols. His new home cost \$350,000 and he spent as much fixing it up to meet his specifications. The deposed crown prince of mutual funds lived in a kind of luxurious limbo, surrounded by a small army of sexy wenches and courted by visitors.

Every night was party night at Cornfeld's "castle" called Grayhall. The action started around nine. One by one the Lincolns, Cadillacs, Rolls Royces and Maseratis tooled up the driveway and many of the world's most beautiful people tried to cheer Bernie up at his expense. But he seldom smiled despite the riotous revelry that continued nonstop until morning. His retinue of young ladies in semi-permanent residence were obviously chosen for their looks and not for their sparkling conversation. They mostly sat around and smoked, gazed at each other glumly and said very little.

One visitor to Grayhall summed up the non-merry mood of the place in these words: "The atmosphere is like one of those expensive convalescent homes in the country where everyone is recuperating from some variety of nervous collapse and has nowhere to go."

Many nights when dinner was served around midnight and the host wandered in to the dining table he found that no

one had left a place for him so, without a word of complaint, he would dine in the adjoining breakfast room with his favorite femme of the moment.

Bernie never became angry at his guests even when their behavior was questionable. About the only time he showed any emotion was when one of his many non-domesticated dogs peed in the dining room. Usually, he would just wander around like a zombie, going from room to room and talking very softly now and then to a guest. He acted like a stranger in his own paradise. Even his stable of stunning starlets seldom evoked any real interest from him. He seemed out of place in his own home and was more of a spectator than a participant in the action.

"Basically, Bernie's a loner who can't stand to be alone," says one of his intimates.

It is doubtful that Cornfeld will ever change his life-style.

"I've never considered marriage," he once said. "Maybe one day I will. I believe man is basically polygamous and woman monogamous so why marry and live with a lie? When a couple marry they introduce a third party — the state. I don't like that. Marriage as an institution has a bad track record . . . three out of four couples living miserably or divorcing. So why do they put up with it? I get along in my own particular way and I prefer it that way."

Needless to say, one of the first things the mama's boy did at Grayhall was to build a special wing to house his octogenarian mother. As a man of leisure, Cornfeld had time to do anything he wanted.

"I've started reading books again for pleasure, which I haven't done in 15 years," he confided to a guest. "All I normally do is read magazines and business articles so it's nice to have time to listen to music, read, go to the theater and take off for a couple of weeks... say to Cuernavaca in one of my planes."

But anyone knowing Cornfeld knows damn well he'd much rather be up to his neck in work than be a man of leisure.

At the time, writer Ivor Davis described Cornfeld's mood in these words: "He may be more vaunted abroad nowadays for his harem and his opulent life-style than his financial acumen but when the talk turns to his old empire, Cornfeld's eyes light up more than they ever do when a woman, however beautiful, enters the room. And one can clearly see which is the real love of his life.

"Those who knew Cornfeld at the height of his empire-building stress his dynamism, how exciting he was to be around. There is little evidence of it now. He seems bored, a bit jaded, lethargic. It's obvious that his existence as simply the 'pater-familias' of a household of enervating transients can't continue for long. He's in a kind of limbo waiting for someone or something to come along to press the go button for the old Bernie to spring into action. It's got to happen, it's only a matter of time."

Whether or not Davis' prediction will come to pass is anybody's guess. He made it before the once-mighty money-maker was slapped into the slammer in Geneva, after a series of criminal complaints were brought against him by former shareholders of IOS-controlled funds. Most of them were former Swiss employees of the mammoth mutual



fund empire. They demanded reimbursement of money they lost when IOS crumbled in 1970 and share prices plummeted from \$25 to 10 cents. Cornfeld's lawyers tried to arrange out-of-court settlements with the 42 plaintiffs who brought charges against the financier and demanded reimbursement of about two million francs.

Cornfeld was arrested May 14, 1973. He offered to put up \$165,000 for his release until a trial was held, but the magistrate's court refused "because of the criminal nature of the charges." Under Swiss law, anyone can be held in jail indefinitely as long as a court finds there is sufficient evidence to warrant custody pending formal charges and trial.

However, in January, 1974, the court

agreed to give Cornfeld bail and set the figure at \$2.5 million. When his lawyers protested that the amount of bail was exorbitant, the court eventually lowered it to \$1.6 million. With the aid of friends, including actors Tony Curtis and George Hamilton, Cornfeld finally raised his bail. The reason he hadn't before was that he wasn't able to sell any assets to raise the cash.

After he was released from prison, Cornfeld promised to help investors get back the money they had lost with the collapse of his financial empire. Posing for the cameras with three pretty girls at his London townhouse, the bearded financier quipped, speaking of the girls: "I think they're nicer than ever." After a month-long party in London, Cornfeld and his court of cuties flew to his Beverly Hills retreat.

Stroking the back of one of his bikiniclad lady friends by the pool he said: "I didn't miss sex at all in prison. But unlike some of the other prisoners, I never really doubted that my interest would return once I was out. Jail wasn't really as bad as most people think. Everyone was very nice."

Waxing philosophical, he added: "Virtually everyone is in prison. People are prisoners of their circumstances—their marriages, responsibilities, habits, ambition or lack of ambition. Mine just happened to have bars."

As far as his current business plans are concerned, Cornfeld claims he would like to breathe some life into Global Resources Properties, an IOS subsidiary in Great Britain. As for his sex life, he plans to remain single and continue to play the field.

"Marriage tends to exclude too many other people," he says, "and if it doesn't become dull and routine, it becomes psychiatric in its intensity, the quality of intensity that borders on hysteria. I try to maintain relationships that are friendly and playful."

This statement may apply to Bernie Cornfeld's sex life, but the people who lost mountains of money by investing in IOS would be very hard pressed to say that his relationship with them was "friendly and playful."

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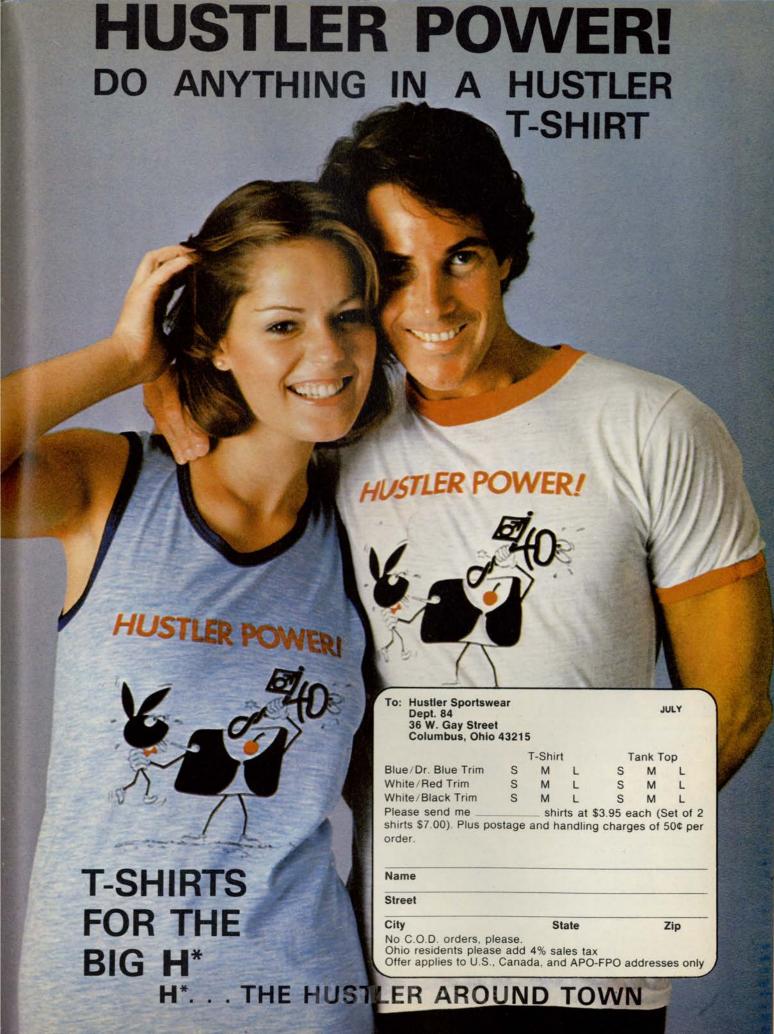


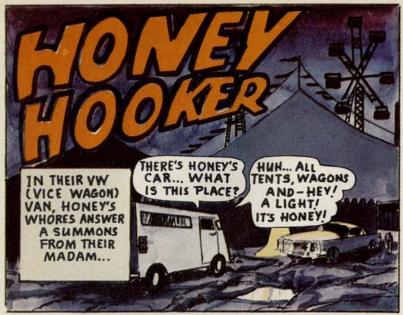
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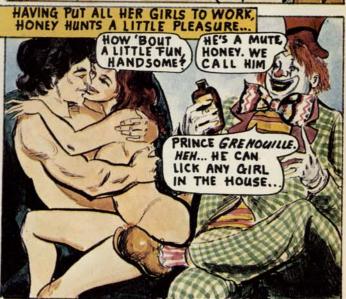


















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